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For the Register.

CHRISTIANS THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

The Apostle Paul says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

This language by no means teaches that the Church is in such a sense the temple of God, that there is no need now of temples made with hands, nor of public worship, nor religious ordinances; as some maintain. The Apostle uses a figure, when he calls the Church the temple of God, as he does when he calls it God's husbandry, and the body of Christ. As well might we assert that our Redeemer has no glorified body now, as he sits at the right hand of the Father; as well might we assert there is now no such thing as husbandry, as attempt to infer from the figurative language of Paul, that now, under the Gospel dispensation, when God is to be spiritually worshipped, we ought to dispense with our temples, and organized Churches, and ministers, and sacraments, and the hallowing of one day in seven; and, instead of them, esteem every day alike, make our homes, or the fields, or the streets, our temples, and let every man be his own preacher.

God is differently manifest in different places, while he is at the same time present everywhere. He is the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, who dwells in the high and holy place; but he dwells also with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—He dwelt in Jesus, who speaks of his own mortal body as a temple, and he dwells in the disciples of Jesus, who also constitute a holy temple. In the structures which we have built for his worship, and dedicated to his holy name, he is present; they are temples of God. And when we enter, in the stillness of solitude, and no sound is heard but the echo of our own footsteps and voices, is it superstition to imagine that as we tread along the aisles we are on holy ground, and the presence of God fills the sanctuary!

The sacred thoughts we have of a temple, are to be transferred, in a higher degree however, to believers, contemplated not only as a Church, but as individuals. They are built up, a spiritual house, on the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone. What dignity belongs to a true Church of Christ, and to every true believer!—What honor to be a Christian! This spiritual temple is God's appropriate temple. And after the walls of every earthly temple shall be crumbled to dust, the true Church of God, sincere believers in Christ, who do God's will, shall still be God's immortal, incorruptible temple, the residence of his spirit, through eternal ages, in inconceivably greater glory, in the heaven of heavens—a holy of holies within the temple of the universe.

It is a question of the deepest interest to every one, Are we truly this temple of God?—We may know that we are, if, FIRST, we are on the true foundation. Other foundation, it is written, no man can lay than that is laid, and this foundation is Jesus Christ. We are exceedingly liable to rest our hopes on something else. For instance, after much painful anxiety of mind, one may be filled with sudden peace, and yet know not whence it comes. This may be the ground of indulging a hope. If we are truly the temple of God, we ought to feel the foundation on which we rest. And as Christ is this foundation, which God has laid, then ought we to conceive of him as the ground of our hope, in the promises and revelations he has made, just as sensibly as, when our feet are on a rock, we know on what we are standing; just as though the temple in which we worship were conscious, and could perceive the solid material on which it is built as its foundation.

M. L. H.

For the Register.

MISTAKES ABOUT RELIGION.

Many persons comprise their religion in the performance of certain religious rites. If they have been "regenerated in baptism;" if they have had the bishop's confirmation; if they have been admitted to the table of communion; if they have confessed to the priest and received from him absolution; if they bow at the lifting up of the host, they entertain a hope that all is well for the future world.

Multitudes put their confidence in baptism by immersion. They call it "taking up the Cross." They take it for granted that having been "buried with Christ in baptism" they must of course be risen with him, if raised up again from out of the water. They look back upon the hour of this "self-denying" rite as one of the happiest in their life. They say as a female once said in our hearing, "O if I could be so happy as I was when I came up out of the water." This delusion is favored by the great stress which one of the largest denominations puts upon the ceremony.

Many, it is said, place their hope in doing good works. But there are very few, who do really good works, that place their hope of Salvation in them. The good works usually made the ground of hope, are the Pharisee's—such as *fasting*, and not doing *bad* things. The really good works of love and mercy—those who perform them are none too numerous to be warned from placing their hope of acceptance in them. And indeed, until some of Christ's words are blotted out of the record, and some of Paul's too, we would encourage everybody to be and to do good, with full reliance that by so doing they shall enter heaven. For saith the apostle, they who by patient continuance in welldoing, seek for immortal glory and honor, shall have eternal life. And said our Savior, Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Indeed, to be in Christ, to rest on him, is to be in his spirit, to rest on his commandments, to do God's will—God's practical commandments—as taught by Jesus; so that the religion of Christ and works of goodness, are identical. He may well venture the loss of his soul who is a doer of good works.

Many make their frames of feeling, an evidence of piety. If they are happy, if raised to high ecstacy of joy, if they are seemingly raised above the world, they take it for granted that they are truly "in Christ." Now joy, and peace do indeed accompany true religion. But in themselves considered, they are not religion; they may not be the genuine results of genuine faith. Not seldom has it been the fact, that one whose experience has been most remarkable in regard to lively hopes, and overflowing joy; whose seeming rapid growth into the full assurance of faith has put christians of longer standing into doubt whether they ever had the true seed of the word implanted in them, has yet disappointed the high expectations formed of him, and his path, instead of being like the shining light increasing more and more unto the perfect day, has been like the meteor, bewildering the eye, as it shot before us, sinking back into the darkness of sin, never again to emerge from it.

Although the essence of God himself is love, and the essence of religion is love, we must remember that all is not love which passes under the name. It has been well said, that "the more excellent any thing is, the more will be the counterfeits of it." Thus there are a great many more counterfeits of silver and gold, than of iron and copper: there are many false diamonds and rubies; but who goes about to counterfeit common stones? Though the more excellent things are, the more difficult it is to make any thing that shall be like them, in their essential nature and internal virtues; yet the more manifold will the counterfeits be, and the more will art and subtility be exercised and displayed, in an exact imitation of the outward appearance. So it is with christian virtues and graces; the subtility of Satan and men's deceitful hearts, are wont chiefly to be exercised in counterfeiting those that are in highest repute."

But this will generally be found to last only for a time. These counterfeits are like our coppers, bright when fresh from the mint, but soon dark. True love does not evaporate in feeling, nor does any other of the christian graces.

True love is not a transient feeling; is not like the morning cloud, or the vapor, which appeareth but for a little time and then vanisheth away. It is permanent, grows purer and stronger as it grows older; is the great operating principle within that prompts to a holy life. In these respects, it may with certainty be distinguished from the counterfeit. In its permanency, and its fruits, it is manifestly not a mere frame of feeling; for the idea of frames of feeling, is that of something *felt*, and *not acted*; something which we have occasionally; as for instance at meetings, or in our closets, but is gone like a dream, as soon as the particular occasion is gone.

That there is this danger of resting on mere feeling, is manifest from the fact that christians very often, when inquired about their spritual state, reply that they do not *feel* as they *wish* to feel. So long as feeling is sought as *a foundation*, we are in danger of building on one which will prove a foundation not of rock, but of sand. Love and other feelings are indeed part of a christian—part of the superstructure; but Jesus being the chief-corner-stone of the foundation which is laid, all our hopes for eternity should arise as we are truly in him—in his commandments, in his character, in his *practical* love.

We are true Christians, we are God's children if the spirit of God dwelleth in us; if he is a *constant* resident; if he dwells there not as a way-faring man, a guest for the night, but makes it his home.

DOREA.

For the Register.

LETTER FROM REV. A. H. CONANT.

GENEVA, KANE CO. ILL. Sept. 11th, 1848.

MR. EDITOR.—Both as an expression of gratitude, and to set forth a worthy example for imitation, I wish to acknowledge through the *Register* the receipt, from the American Unitarian Association, of a valuable box of Sunday School Books, Periodicals, and Tracts, for circulation in the West. The box contained two hundred and twenty four vols. Sunday School and other books. The Sunday School books were mostly from Canton Sunday School; books well selected, neatly covered with cloth, and in good condition. They will supply four or five Sunday Schools with books sufficient for a commencement, and will give light and joy to many a young mind and heart, and do an amount of good which cannot be measured. I shall with great pleasure attend to the duty of putting these books into schools where they are needed, and make them the means of forming new schools; and in behalf of those who will receive the benefit I most heartily thank the givers. Besides the Sunday School books, the box contained 37 Nos. of the Christian Examiner; and of the Scriptural Interpreter, Liberal Preacher Religious Magazine, and other Periodicals and Discourses 237, Nos.; Sunday School tracts 103, and Tracts of the A. U. A. 310.—In the distribution of these, and also of the Sunday School books, Elder Walworth of Monro, Winconsin, is to have a share, to which he will attend, I have no doubt, with his usual cheerfulness and fidelity.

I hope many will follow the example of sending their Sunday School books, which have been well read at home, and are yet in a good state of preservation, to the West where they will be new in matter if not in dress, and do as much good in their second use as in their first, and perhaps more. By the exchange in this way of books for new, a double benefit will be conferred—a benefit to the scholars at home who will be happy to have new books, and a benefit to the destitute abroad who will be happy to receive second hand books which are new to them. In this good work I shall be exceedingly happy at all times to render assistance, and the opportunity here is abundant.

As of one heart and soul with those who have engaged in this work of Christian benevolence, I subscribe myself, truly yours,

A. H. CONANT.

CONDITION OF CHURCHES IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

[The following is from the N. Y. Observer. If any correspondent of the *Register*, had communicated it, the cry of "slander" would roar around us like the noise of many waters. How can orthodox editors who see so much to lament over in their own churches, have the heart to gloat as they do over any decay they see, or think they see, in Unitarian or Universalist communities? With what consistency do they hold up such decay as evidence of the hollowness of the faith they denounce, when a worse decay is before their eyes, under orthodox ministrations!]

In traveling through a portion of New York that formerly stood high for its Christian zeal and gospel privileges, I stopped one day in a town that had once sustained about the largest and most flourishing church in the country.—But now the church bell has ceased its chimes. The preacher no longer proclaimed the "glad news" to sinners. A large and commodious meeting-house—a monument of better days—was closed, and time was crumbling it to the dust. I asked the cause of these things, and was told that their minister, who had preached for a number of years, had finally sued them for his back salary, and after a long, tedious, and bitter lawsuit, had recovered the church property, got possession of the meeting house, which he had shut up, and was himself in the place practising law. The curse of God was evidently resting upon this place. False doctrines, wickedness and infidelity were exalting themselves, and the life-giving influence of the Spirit of God had long been absent.

I passed on to another town some ten miles distant, in an ajoining country But" the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience" was evidently here. Here had been a church celebrated for its numbers and good works; some trifling cause had rent the church asunder; another meeting-house was built, and another church was formed. Lawsuit followed lawsuit; slander, backbiting and angry feelings raged to such an extent, that it separated families and made enemies of near friends. More than $2,000 has been spent in lawsuits, and the bitter contention still goes on. Preaching in both churches is still kept up, but it is evidently more from a spirit of rivalry than from a spirit of Christian love. Many of the Sabbath schools that had been kept up in the town had stopped, and those at the churches were languishing. Poverty and want of time were excuses offered for not attending better to the souls of their children, though they had time to attend to lawsuits, and talk over their quarrels, and money enough to carry them on. To such an extent were they embittered against each other, that the prominent members of one church had attempted to get the prominent members of the other indicted for perjury before the last grand jury. For a number of years the spirit of truth and peace had seemed to have taken its departure. The curse of the prophet seemed to be an apt emblem to represent the anger, malice, revenge, slander and envy that existed here. "But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it, and he shall stretch out upon it the lime of confusion and the stones of emptiness. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons and a court of owls."

Some ten miles from this I visited another church, once large, but of late years, for some reasons, so lessened in numbers, that preaching is only supported by the help of the Home Missionary Society. In another church, some thirteen miles further on, the same unhappy state of things exist as in the church first mentioned. Their late minister has left the pulpit for the schoolroom, and is in contention with his people about his back salary. I might continue the description of other places where the state of things, though not so bad as in some of these, is yet sufficient to make us fear that He who keeps the same sleepless watch over his churches as he did over the seven churches of Asia, will leave very many of them to follow their own evil ways, till they have brought upon themselves and those around them the desolating judgments of Heaven.

[From the Trumpet.]

LETTER FROM REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

LOUISVILLE, *Sept. 5th*, 1848.

BR. WHITTEMORE,—During the last three months I have travelled somewhat extensively within the bounds of the Mississippi Valley. Some of the impressions received in the progress of this journey, have inspired me with the most lively hopes and anticipations. In the numerous interviews with intelligent Christians of other denominations, enjoyed through the entire route, I have held particular and extended conversations with regard to the various topics of religion, which are most warmly controverted among us at the present time. It has been my invariable practice, without reserve, to avow the sentiments that I preach in New Orleans, touching the perfections of God, the nature of revealed religion, and especially the destiny of the human race in a future state. In every instance I have been listened to with respectful attention, by the votaries of creeds directly opposed to my own; and in many cases, with the same kindness and urbanity as usually distinguish the intercourse of those who in intellectual views are congenial and harmonious. Not on a single occasion were my observations received with a forbidding and contemptuous look of fancied superiority in worth and wisdom, nor with those expressions of pity with which a Pharisee regards the poor benighted wanderer in what he imagines to be the pathless and hopeless mazes of fundamental and dangerous error. For an example, I will mention a few words, addressed to me by a very intelligent lady of the highest standing, and a communicant in a Presbyterian Church, whom I never saw before this journey, and with whom I had but a few moments' conversation. After introducing herself, she said 'I am thankful for this unexpected meeting. I have perused your sermon on hell and am delighted with it. Many years ago, I discarded the doctrine of eternal punishments; yet I worship, and regularly partake of the Sacrament in a Presbyterian Church, where I am shocked, almost every Sabbath, by the sentiment that impenitent sinners are exposed to the infinite wrath of their incensed Creator. I must listen to such preaching or abandon the Church entirely. There is no other alternative. If I lived in New Orleans I should be one of your constant hearers.' What I have seen and heard the last Summer convinces me, that a vast majority of the Christian laity throughout the Mississippi Valley, entertain the same views and feelings as the lady above-mentioned. It is strictly true, that among the hundreds whom I have conversed with, in my late tour, *four persons* only avowed their belief in an endless hell. All acknowledge, because all feel, that boundless cruelty must be an attribute of God, if he can *even* allow sin and suffering to go on unfolding themselves through the interminable ages of eternity. Were all the clergy of the different denominations in the United States to begin this very year, to promulgate the true Gospel—the doctrine of God's impartial, universal and almighty grace through Christ—(no agent of inferior power can achieve the stupendous enterprise of man's salvation,) I verily believe no opposition would be made to such a course by the people at large; but our churches now prostrate, distracted, inefficient, cold and dead, would speedily rise to the wisdom, beauty and strength of a life immortal; and all the fearful desolations of sin flee away from the sight and hearing of our redeemed emancipated and rejoicing millions.

Again, the sentiment that the person who sincerely embraces an erroneous creed, may, nevertheless, be a good Christian, is now, I perceive, almost universally admitted at the South. Often during the past Summer, have I listened to remarks like the following:—'I differ much from my neighbor in opinion with regard to some topics of religion. To me it seems plain, that touching a particular doctrine, he has adopted erroneous conclusions. But he is undoubtedly actuated by pure motives. His heart, his spirit is right. I honor him as a good man. I delight to commune with him as a Christian,' &c. Now what glorious results would follow, if the difference of judgment that prevail in the religious world were always received in such a charitable light! In every community, each should concede to others, that right of determining what the Bible teaches, which he so strenuously claims for himself. All should admit their fallibility, and consequently, that dissenters from established creeds and formularies may after all, be the advocates of God's inspired, eternal truth. If each were satisfied with his own, and not offended with his neighbor's faith; if all would labor with a charitable spirit in promoting what each believes to be the interest of a true and undefiled religion; then, throughout the church, heavenly peace would soon spread its balmy influences, and they who profess to adore the same God—to follow the same Bible—to bow down at the foot of the same cross—and to anticipate the same immortal happiness,—instead of hatreds, variance, bitter strifes, envy, jealousies and acrimonious disputes—would cherish for each other those pure, noble, expanded, generous affections and sympathies, enjoined so emphatically by the precepts and life of Jesus. I have no doubt, but that within the compass of a few years, the different denominations of Christendom, now so belligerent, will lay down the weapons of their warfare, and be gathered into one great family, cemented and adorned by the divine, immaculate sentiments and principles of evangelical religion. You may look upon this as an idle and visionary hope, amid the din and clash of enraged parties—amid such a multitude of surrounding discouragements. But, at any rate, it is a gentle, soothing and consolatory hope—an elevating and glorious hope too—that the day will come, though now we see it only in faint, dim, and distant perspective, when the disciples of Christ will all fraternize—with mutual congratulations and unsuspecting confidence, toiling together to promote the same blessed cause—the cause of Bible truth and universal charity.

There is another promising feature in the religious aspect of the orthodox communities through which I have passed in my late rambles. They are, almost without an exception, dissatisfied with the style of preaching, which obtains in their pulpits generally. One Sabbath morning I went to worship in a Presbyterian Church. A sermon was delivered on the subject of Regeneration. The preacher dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the doctrines of original sin, total depravity, and an endless hell. Walking home after service with the landlord at whose house I had lodgings, the conversation turned upon the character of the discourse abovementioned. The gentleman, who is very enlightened, remarked, that he could not embrace the creed of Calvin, altho' he had been familiar with it from his childhood. It contradicts, he alleged, 'the most obvious principles of reason, and all those moral sentiments, which are recognized not by civilized man only, but also by the rude, untaught and barbarous idolater. Sinners are hardened instead of being made better, by those terrible anathemas from lips that should utter only the gentle, persuasive accents of truth, love and compassion. Our Church is rapidly going down, and will continue to decline, till the pulpit is occupied by one of a more enlarged understanding and nobler theology."

The truth is, Orthodoxy throughout this part of the country is in the sere and yellow leaf of Autumn. The spirit or genius of the age casts upon it a frowning look. It is a corpse. The clergy are employing their utmost art and skill to effect its resuscitation.—But all will be in vain. A brighter day than the world has ever seen is dawning upon us. Knowledge, freedom and virtue, are soon to spread their wide, unmolested and delightful empire, far as are the boundaries of men's habitations.

Very affectionately, &c., T. CLAPP.

REV. OLIVER W. B. PEABODY.

[From the Christian Examiner.]

Oliver William Bourne Peabody was born at Exeter, N. H., on the 9th of July, 1799. He was twin brother of the late Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody, and like him, bore the names of his father, the late Judge Peabody, and of his mother's father, Hon. William Bourne. The brothers grew up together, were educated by Dr. Abbot in the academy of their native town, and together entered Harvard College, in 1812. From the moment of their birth to that of their separation the last year, by the death of Dr. Peabody of Springfield, they were bound together by the closest attachment, and by a striking sympathy in tastes, which was marked by such occasional differences of temperament as strengthened and gave beauty to the union. The very strong personal resemblance between the two, which all their friends observed, was not more remarkable than this close union of sympathies and aims, which always lasted through difference of pursuits and of homes, and to which we now look back as if it were a forewarning to us that in death they would not long be parted.

The brothers entered college at an age now considered early, but even at that period Mr. Oliver Peabody showed traits of character and fancy which have since been familiar to his friends. "He was," in the words of one of his early friends, "a most amiable, pleasant young man, full of wit and most irresistible humor, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the power to communicate it to others. He had a love and talent for music, and played the flute and sang very agreeably. He was also fond of drawing, and sketched with great spirit and delicacy. He was always a most delightful companion; his conversation most agreeable, enriched as it was from his wide reading, from which he always had at hand the most apt illustrations."

On leaving College, Mr. Peabody studied his father's profession, under his father's direction at Exeter. He spent some time, also, at the Law School in Cambridge, before he was admitted to the bar in New Hampshire. He then began the practice of the law in his native town. In the eleven years which followed, he was not confined to the cares of his profession alone.—He was a member of the State Legislature, and at different times took the editorial charge of the Rockingham Gazette and the Exeter News-Letter. In the files of these papers are articles from his pen sparkling with vivacity and humor. These, and other essays and poems, which he published then and afterwards in various journals, are distinguished no less for brilliancy and freshness of thought than for a certain polished accuracy of style, the result of his patient and diligent care. Always nice in expression, always accurate in style, he was never formal, dull or commonplace. His mind never lost that eagerness for fresh combinations, and for a distinct, unabused point of view, which had given to him his early humor and love of the ludicrous. This was the reason that he wrote so little in comparison with the great army of what are called literary men. But, for the same reason, there is scarcely anything which he has written that is not worthy of publication, and that did not fully answer its purpose, whether to rouse a laugh as coming from the carrier of a newspaper, or as an episode in political controversy, or as demanding thought and study, when published in a review or delivered before a lyceum. We have a crowd of essayists, in late years, who have sustained or weighed down the journals of the day. Mr. Peabody, in the years of his life of which we speak, and for some years afterwards, was called to the duty which they attempt. Many of his fellow workmen wrote much more than he; but very few of them wrote so much that was never "skipped over" by weary readers, or that will be so long remembered. Many of our readers will recollect the poem which he delivered at Cambridge before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1823. When the citizens of Portsmouth celebrated the second centennial anniversary of that town, he delivered a poem which is still remembered with pleasure. He had early shown his poetical genius and facility of versification—talents which he always possessed, though he used them too little. He and his brother each delivered a poem when they graduated at Cambridge, and there are several poems among the published papers to which we have alluded.

In 1839, Mr. Peabody removed to Boston, which was his home for most of the remainder of his life. His brother-in-law, Mr. A. H. Everett, was then the editor of the North American Review, and Mr. Peabody acted as a constant and valuable assistant to him in that duty. Till near the close of his life he was an occasional contributor to that journal, and for some years there is scarcely a volume which does not contain one or more articles from him. At the same time, for several years, he was an assistant editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and some of his most pointed essays were published in that paper, as from time to time they were called forth by the changing aspects of political or literary affairs. There are certain duties of an editor's life for which he was peculiarly fitted. His very wide general information, frequently relating to subjects where the most careful books of reference are dumb and all indexes useless, served him especially, when called upon, as the editor of a daily journal constantly is, to illustrate unexpected movements and explain new events on the shortest notice.

Mr. Peabody served for two or three years as a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In the year 1836, he was appointed Register of Probate in Suffolk county. He filled the duties of this office until 1842. It is a laborious post, requiring, under the probate arrangements of this State, the constant personal attention of the incumbent, and close labor from him, if only as a copyist. But Mr. Peabody found time for literary studies and occupations. His daily exercise was made the means of that study of nature which he always loved. And, while both faithful and popular in an employment which is certainly not the most refreshing or invigorating, he was still to his friends, and to any whom he could serve, as full of spirit and life as he had ever been when engaged in more exciting duties. His health, however, always delicate, was impaired by the labors of the office, and in 1842 he resigned it, on accepting from Jefferson College, an institution endowed and supported by the State of Louisiana, an appointment as Professor of English Literature. He entered on the duties of this post in the autumn of that year. But the climate of Louisiana proved unfavorable to his constitution, and, unwilling to contend longer with the lassitude which it induced, he resigned his professorship the next year, and returned to the north.

It was at as recent a period as this that he entered directly upon the sphere of life which commends him especially to the interest of the readers of the Examiner. For many years, perhaps, he had wished to engage in the Gospel ministry. From his early days he had lived under high and pure religious influences, the result of clear and well-sustained religious convictions; and of late years his reading had more and more taken that turn which would especially prepare him for the duties of a Christian minister. On returning from the south, he immediately carried out his intention of entering the ministry, and continued without interruption the studies which, with that view, he had thus begun. His residence at this time was sometimes in Boston, and sometimes in Springfield with his brother.—While in Boston, he acted as the Secretary of the "Emigrant Society," as long as that valuable society was in existence. Its object was to communicate true information to emigrants, and to those who proposed to emigrate,—and to make arrangements for their reception here, that they might be free from the impositions to which their condition is peculiarly liable. In this charge Mr. Peabody was greatly interested. But the public failed to support the society, and after about a year its action ceased.

In the winter of 1844—5, Mr. Peabody received from the Boston Association its license to preach; and in August, 1845, he was settled as the pastor of the Unitarian church in Burlington, Vermont, where he had preached in the previous spring and summer; and in that beautiful town he lived, in the discharge of his ministry, until his death. His health, however, became more and more delicate during the last years of his life, and, after a short, acute illness, he died, on the 6th of July last, three days before closing his fiftieth year.

The ministry had been the profession of his mature choice. He knew what it was, or what it might be, for he had seen for more than twenty years all the detail and beautiful completeness of his brother's ministry in Springfield. He knew what he himself should labor to do in it, for no man had a deeper sympathy for others, or a more devoted reliance upon God. With more and more interest, therefore, as his life passed on in other labors, did he contemplate this field of action. And therefore, when he entered on his duty at Burlington, it was to test hopes which he had long entertained, to try plans which were of old familiar to him. To himself it was a very happy epoch. It opened to him the whole of a field of labor in which he had already gleaned more than many professed reapers who had less fervency and zeal than he. The relief of the poor, the comfort of the sorrowing, the raising of society, were no new efforts to him, and the duties of a Christian minister only united in a specific form, hopes, labors, and exertions to which, in whatever occupation, he had always devoted his life. His entrance upon those duties, then, could not but be a happy event to himself. It was peculiarly a pleasure to his friends, who felt that he was now exactly where he ought to be. You could not see him without feeling that he was too refined, too delicate, too tender, to bear much of the rough intercourse of the world. You could not know him without thinking, that, in whatever calling, he was one standing between God and his children, between Jesus and his disciples. He himself would never have disowned any activity or rigid monotony of labor. In the hard routine of official life, he had no complaint to make of his position.—But his friends, for him, could, and did, rejoice that he should be transferred to another scene and sort of effort.

And in his ministry, their presages were all made real, and his own satisfaction was never dimmed for a moment. An affectionate people became more and more attached to him, until the moment of his death which separated him from no formal relationship, but from connection with a company of Christian friends most near and most dear. Whoever listened to his fervent and eloquent and tender exhortations from the pulpit, or joined in his affectionate, devout, and appropriate prayers, thanked God that such a precious servant was ministering at his altar.—And his own people, who knew him, day by day, and year by year, in the ebbs and flows of his delicate health; who saw him, day by day, in his enthusiastic discharge of the home duties of his parish; who followed him in the zeal and poetical ardor with which he traced out God in the beautiful scenery which surrounded them,—in its prospects, its vegetation, its exquisite changes of summer and winter; they who knew him as his friends knew him—and his friends only—were bound to him every day by a closer and closer tie, and every day must have come with him nearer and nearer to the God whom he loved while he worshipped. The gentle fearlessness with which he passed from the world to heaven will always linger in their memory.—And, now that he has gone, they will enjoy more and more with every day that gift which death is forced to leave, as one compensation for a parting,—that nice perception of excellence, which in the hour of grief, springs up from the clear memories of a whole life, far more definite, far more complete, than can be the ever changing sentiment with which we regard a present, living friend.

To give an idea of such a man, the set facts of a biography are powerless. The dates and other details which we have been repeating do not mark eras in Mr. Peabody's character. To one who did not know him they would tell nothing of what he was, nothing of that which made his friends love him. They give no clue to that character which it seems presumptuous to try to analyze, while yet we feel the first grief which mourns that he is taken from us,—too soon for us, though not a moment before he was ready for God's higher services. To say simply, that, bred at college, Mr. Peabody was successively a lawyer and a legislator, an editor, a public functionary, and a literary professor, and that late in life he entered on the Gospel ministry, would give no conception, none whatever, to those who read these lines, of the man himself, unless they were of the number, all too small, of his personal friends. These different callings were only *callings* of the man. Faithful as he was to them, he was never their slave. Before his entrance on the ministry, as afterwards, he was a man of broad, generous culture, of the kindest heart, of the most active generosity, and of a living, fervent, devoted soul. Before, as well as afterwards, he trained himself by a diligent intellectual culture, which was doubtless seconded by a high, secret, spiritual effort; so that his education was never over—so that his life was always fresh, and he always young. And as his friends look back upon him today, it is to look back upon one whom they never saw without being glad that they saw him, whom they never parted from without making him promise soon to meet again; one from whom, whenever they met, they received some gift of fancy, of learning, or of love, which they always prized, and by which they always remembered him, and to whom when they separated, they looked back with new admiration and love.

Such reasons have his friends for remembering him and mourning for his loss. But by the public he is remembered rather for his gifts of intellect, and as a literary man. In all his different occupations, he retained, as we have said, the studies and tastes with which in his earlier life he had followed literary pursuits, and by which he gained the ease and power of usefulness which, as a man of letters, he always had. He was interested in foreign literature, but was most attracted by the classical literature of England. In this he was thoroughly versed. His lectures upon it were lively and interesting, and by his study of it he illustrated his writings and his conversation. But as a literary man he deserves this as his highest praise, that, even in the goading haste of an editor's duty, he never wrote carelessly, or without something to say,—that, while he read more than most men of letters, he wrote much less,—and that he never prostituted his reading to the purpose of mere indolent amusement, glancing here and there at the reflections of the shadows of what were once great ideas. Passing hastily over the ephemeral reviews and re-statements which shallow flippancy digests from the original effort of great minds, he recurred for himself to the authors who were worth study; copied with them, whether dull or quaint or obscure, with his own resources; for himself found out their meaning, and with his own thought and labor arranged it for the world. He never published anything but the miscellaneous papers to which we have already alluded, and such reports and other papers as he drew up in the course of his public duties. At the time of his death, however, he had been occupied in preparing a memoir of his brother, and this book he left nearly ready for publication.

What we have said of Mr. Peabody is eulogy, and is meant to be. It is eulogy coming from those who knew him too intimately to analyze his character, or even to undertake now to write his biography without the presence of fresh regrets. It is the eulogy, however, of a spiritual man; of one in whom the true spirit always held ascendency over mere intellect, as over the body; who was less and less bound to the earth, the longer he lived upon it. Such a man does not often attract around him a large circle of friends, and in Mr. Peabody there was a shrinking from observation, a delicate distrust, that perhaps separated him from the wide or general intimacy which a bolder man of his genius would have sought and gained. But those who knew him intimately and well, remember him as one whom it was a privilege to know and whom it is a privilege to remember.

E. E. H.

VICARIOUS SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—CLERICAL FEATS IN SUPPLYING PULPITS.

[From a speech by Mr. Horseman, on Cathedral and Collegiate Churches in England.]

"To show the laborious duties of some of the working clergy, Mr. Horseman read a communication founded on a statement taken from the mouth of a clergyman. 'The rector of a rich living, sixteen miles off, has taken his family to the water side. He sends his groom to our friend, the parson, to know if he can 'take his duty' at half past ten o'clock next Sunday morning. Our friend says 'No,' he is engaged at that hour: but he will take it at twelve o'clock. There being no one else at hand, twelve, o'clock is fixed accordingly; and the distant parishioners of the rich rector, who come to the church at the usual hour, find to their surprise that they have to wait an hour and three-quarters before the service begins. Well, at half-past seven o'clock on the Sunday morning the parson, leaving his own parish, canters off on the pony to do duty sixteen miles away, at a little church of which he is curate. This service begins at ten o'clock, so he gets through it pretty quick, gives a short sermon, and gets it over by twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, just in time to do, by fast riding, the three miles that are necessary to bring him to the absentee incumbent's church. The service there is got through as rapidly as the other; and then catching the poor pony, who has been nibbling in the churchyard whilst his master was preaching, away they gallop fifteen miles across the country, to a village where the incumbent is ill, and also wants assistance. Here the service commences at three o'clock, and they just arrive in time. It is only a half service, the rector not agreeing with the bishop as to the absolute necessity of two sermons a day. Ten miles are to be gone over to get home. Pony is pretty tired, but it stands it like a war-horse. On they get to their own parish-church, where there is a small congregation waiting to see if 'parson will give' em e're a service.' This makes his fourth, and he is pretty tired of 'Dearly beloved brethren' when he has got to the end of it. This," said a clergyman of the neighbourhood of Lincoln to me, "this I did eight Sundays running, in the dog-days. But I have done some harder work than that," said he. "Surely, never! I exclaimed. "I assure you I have. Once when M.—— who is very fond of shooting, had gone to the moors, and his neighbor C——had gone to the lakes, John K——'s brother died. He sent to me to ask if I could take his duty. I replied that it was impossible. 'Master, sir," said his servant, 'will be very sorry to hear that, for he is sadly confused what to do'. 'Well, said I 'tell him if he will send me one of his hunters (he is a famous sportsman) to meet me at Lincoln, I'll try to take his service at six in the evening.' I started at eight o'clock in the morning, and rode to M——'s fifteen miles. Service at half past ten o'clock. M——has two churches, and it is two miles to the second; but I managed to take that at one o'clock.——'s parish was not far off. That duty I got over by half-past three o'clock. Then to Lincoln as hard as I could gallop. Found a splendid mare waiting me. Put my own pony into the stable, and galloped ten miles to John K——'s church: which I reached by six o'clock. This I continued to do for three Sundays in the month of August; and to make matters worse, on one of those days I was overtaken and drenched by an autumnal thunder storm."

NAPLES.

[From Rev. Mr. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer.]

Ride to Naples through the Pontine marshes.—Summer in Italy.—Description of Naples.—Vesuvius not in operation.—Lazaroni.—Maccaroni.

NAPLES, *July*, 1848.

We left Rome for Naples on the fourth of July, a day which an American citizen is not likely to honor with fewer or less proud and grateful thoughts, because he is in a foreign land.—We travelled by the diligence, which now makes only one trip a week between the two great cities, the troubles in Italy have very much interrupted the communication between its different parts. The road on leaving Rome runs nearly parallel with the lines of the ancient aqueducts that supplied the city when its wants were so immense. Their ruins form the chief ornaments of the campagna, and are most appropriate to its melancholy beauty. Leaving Frascati on the left, seated on the southern slope of the Alban hills, and commanding, as a recent excursion thither had instructed us, a delicious prospect of Rome in the midst of her deserted kingdom, we climbed the steep declivity to Albano, and passing Itri, and the tomb of Cicero, and several miserable towns most charmingly situated on hills looking down upon the Mediterranean, we entered at once the Pontine marshes. An excellent road, shaded through the whole distance by rows of trees thickly planted, conducts to Terracina, where the marshes and the malaria end. We had been warned on all sides not to sleep while crossing the Pontine marshes, a precaution which we scrupulously observed. A slight odor, as of decaying vegetation, seemed to rise from the road-side, and two or three days afterwards one of our party experienced an attack of fever and ague, which we hardly knew whether to attribute to malaria, or to exposure to the midday sun at Pompeii. Some friends who crossed the marshes by day shortly after us, observed no signs of fever among the laborers, and were inclined to doubt whether any injurious influences proceed from them at this season of the year. This is an important point to settle; for if the malaria does not commence its ravages until the fall of the year, Italy is on every account more interesting and delightful in the summer than it can be at any other period. We are of one mind that we have experienced up to this date no heat so oppressive here as that we usually have in New York by the present time. The heat should not deter any one from travelling in Italy in June and July, who can endure the summer climate of New York or Boston. and those who desire to see the people of Italy, or to know what is meant by the beauty of its sky, and the magical effects of its atmosphere, should be there when no cloud disfigures the vault of heaven for months together, and the people dwell in the fields and streets without the sense of needing any other shelter than the benign roof that covers all. Then Italy puts on its gayest and most charming aspect. Its abundant fruits satisfy the starving misery at other seasons so painful, and the nakedness and rags which must shock the traveller in the cold of winter, add to the picturesqueness of the landscape in summer, and seem hardly more than the appropriate undress and negligee of the season. Our only complaint in Italy was the want of rain, which seemed greatly to surprise our hosts, who declared themselves so used to the murmurs of Englishmen and Americans, against the dampness and incessant rain of the winter, when most travellers visit Italy, that they suppose a cloudless sky was the first necessity of a comfortable existence to those who speak our mother tongue.

Leaving Terracina the road to Naples passes, by a country of no special interest, on through Gaeta, where it first touches the brink of the sea and catches sight of Ischia, to Capua, a city most ancient, and buried in its fortunes—once the conqueror of Naples, now a fourth rate Italian town, which is connected with Naples itself, by a railroad of fifteen miles in length. We descended by the ordinary road, paved with lava for several miles out of Naples, and lined with trees white as so many millers with the peculiar dust of this volcanic region, into the famous city, which the most beautiful bay and the most destructive volcano have made the theme and the attraction of the world. Not before we got fairly into the city did Vesuvius come into view, and then we were obliged to *ask* for it. We were flattering ourselves that it would at least put the chimneys of our gas factories and iron works to shame; that a steamer in the bay *firing* up would not be considered the superior *smoker*; but to our entire mortification and chagrin, the Mountain was as smokeless as a parlor chimney-top in August. Not a whiff would it puff to save its character, and we instantly voted it an impudent humbug. How generously it forgave the injustice we shall have occasion to record with due penitence presently.

Naples stretches nearly half way round its celebrated bay, hugging the sea with a most reasonable fondness. Like Genoa, the lofty and steep hills that lie behind it, press it close to the water's edge, and its swarming population have spread, until Pontici, at the foot of Vesuvius on the south, six miles from the heart of the city, and Posilippo on the north, two or three miles from the centre,

though it ought to be. But in Naples the hotels, finest buildings, the principal public walk the great drive, all are as directly on the bay as if built upon the beach. The traveller, from the moment he touches the city, lives exclusively in the presence and society of the delicious landscape which opens from the sea.

Naples holds a population of 450,000 souls, but it is rather a large collection of people on one spot than a great city. Nature has done everything for it, but its commerce appears to have done very little. There are very few striking buildings or public squares, or interesting monuments. Its streets possess neither the beauty of new and fine edifices, nor the charm of time-colored and grave old buildings, such as Rome and Florence, and most Italian cities possess. Instead of the soft rust-colored hue of Rome, Naples wears a robe of intense white, not equalled by the complexion of a bran new town in Maine or Michigan.—Possessing in its hills every facility for fountains, the few which are found seem all smitten with hydrophobia. If we except St. Francesco di Paulo, which deserves to be excepted only because it is a rather fine and expensive effort, in Naples, there is no church in the city whose exterior is impressive. There are several interiors of fine design, large proportions and rich finish, but on the whole, and after Genoa, Pisa, Florence and Rome, Naples is poor in what almost every other Italian city is most rich, its churches. Its special boast in the ecclesiastical way, is its relics, in which it yields to no other city in pretension. The solemn farce of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Jansarius, is still unblushingly performed here, and seems to retain the faith of the people.

We were everywhere shown in Italy among the ruins of the heathen temples, the cells and air passages by which the concealed priests sent their voices through the mouths of the oracular statues, ignorantly consulted by the people. It seemed very strange that the popular detection of this imposture should not more frequently have led the people to a suspicion of the practices upon their own credulity, by the genuine descendants of the priests of Apollo and Diana. But men who seemed to pity the folly of those anciently taken in by the oracle, were apparently not a whit disturbed by superstitions of their own, quite as gross and more transparent. Naples possesses the most crowded population of any city we have visited, London itself not excepted. The streets have no side walks, and swarm from wall to wall with crowds, so that vehicles make their way only by shouting out a continual caveat. It is difficult to say, whether there are more people on foot or in carriages. For all classes ride in Naples, from the lazaroni to the king, who has the reputation of being a great "whip." The city is full of fiacres, or light carriages, which take any number of persons anywhere in the city, for about ten cents a trip. These are frequently occupied by ten or twelve persons, though able to carry four comfortably. By clubbing together, the very humblest, even the beggars themselves now and then have a ride, and it is one of the very curious things in Naples to see people without hats or shoes, and with very little either of sleeve or leg-covering, rolling along the chiara, on an afternoon drive So that they are not compelled to use their own limbs, the common people put up with any degree of discomfort in the shape of riding. Four on the driver's box, which has barely room for two, four standing on the footboard behind the carriage, and with children rammed into the crevices which six people leave in an inside where four would be crowded, forms a not uncommon load for one horse and carry-all (as we should very properly call it in America,) in the streets of Naples.

At this season of the year, the streets are as noisy and as full of people at midnight, as at any hour, and the earliest dawn finds them populous and vociferous. The immense talkativeness, shouting, and gesticulation of the Neapolitans, ought to be proverbial. Sitting in your lodgings, you imagine twenty times a day, that some extraordinary thing has happened in the street, such ejaculations and surges of earnest talk reach your ears. But on hurrying to the window, you see, to be sure, what looks very much like the fourth of July in Broadway, but nothing at all different from the ordinary state of things. If the slightest difference of opinion or clash of interests occurs between two Neapolitans, instantly such demonstrations of rage, vengeance, blood-thirstiness appears, that you are tempted to rush in at the risk of your life to prevent murder, and mutual extermination, but before you can cross the street to do it, the angry parties are as cool as two flints, that have just given out their spark, and would be ready to unite in punishing you severly for suspecting them of ill-feelings towards each other.

Naples presents fewer and less distinctive costumes than most other Italian cities; and its lazaroni are by no means so marked a class as we expected to find them. There is probably a larger class of persons without any fixed habitation here, than in any city in the world. But no other place offers such conveniences for loafing. There are a thousand boats at the water's edge, and a hundred caves cut out in the soft rock of Pausilippo, which afford a sort of home to the vagrant. The climate is for a large portion of the year, food, and raiment, and shelter of itself. Fruit is worth almost nothing, and the facilities for cheap living are beyond reckoning. Every corner is a restaurant. Here a woman with a brazen of fire is roasting a can of corn, or boiling an immense copper of this favorite food; there a man is frying bread or dough in a kettle of fat, or boiling a mixture of all kinds of refuse meat in a caldron. Every species of shell fish, beans, coarse vegetables, onions, turnips, squashes, and cucumbers, fill up the streets, and are earnestly hawked about.—A grain which is a fifth less than a cent, will buy a comfortable meal. It is not strange, that with such a climate and such abundance, a large number of the people should be lazy and lazaroni. The only mark of these people appeared to be a special scantiness of clothing. It is not at all uncommon to see men in the streets of Naples with no shred of covering above their loins, and it is rather an exception to meet a laborer, who is not bare to the hips. The children very commonly wear one garment, and one only; but are sometimes seen in a perfect state of nature running about the streets. We saw less cooked maccaroni in Italy, than we ordinarily see in New York.

Having made up our minds for a spectacle in which every other man in Naples should be seen lowering, at arms length, a skein of maccaroni down his throat, it was extremely weakening to our faith in colored engravings to find no rough example of this national custom in all the city where it prevails. We were told that a man could be hired to exhibit the trick, but we declined getting up history in this elaborate way. Undoubtedly maccaroni forms a large part of the living of the common people at seasons when fruits and vegetables are scarce. We saw numerous factories of it, and one we entered to inspect the process. It is made of semolino, a delicate and nutritious meal, having the appearance, in the state in which we saw it, of the very finest southern corn-meal. This is mixed with as little water as possible, and then kneaded for three-quarters of an hour by a machine, such as bakers use everywhere, with this difference, that the beam which kneads the dough, was here long and large enough to sustain three men, who sat upon it, and with their feet first touching the ground, gave it the motion of a hard trotting horse, so that the end that pressed the dough, described a half circle, giving at every jolt, a blow to the mass. After being well kneaded, the dough, in a mass as large as a barrel, is put into a deep barrel-shaped tub of steel, on which closes down an iron top, fitting exactly into the mouth, which is pressed by a strong screw, moved by a powerful lever in the hands of three men. The bottom of this tub is formed by a copper plate, in which are sunk many little wells, each pierced with holes, just the size of ordinary maccaroni, through the centre of which runs a pin to form the hollow of the maccaroni; of course this pin cannot be fastened to the sock of its hole, without splitting the maccaroni, but it is closed up again by the narrowing of the aperture towards the lower surface of the plate that gives form to the dough. The dough being forced by the screw though this plate, comes out in a hundred or two separate strings from the bottom, where it is continually fanned to keep it from running together. It is broken off by hand with one or two grasps at the whole skein, in lengths of less than two yards, and carefully hung, first upon wooden horses in-doors to dry, and then on cords in the street. It is, however, quite dry when it first comes from the screw. The maccaroni is now ready for use. It is sold by retail for about two-cents a pound, differing somewhat from the New York grocer's price of eighteen-pence per pound. The men who manufactured the maccaroni were naked, with the exception of an apron about the loins, a costume, on the whole, more favorable to its cleanliness than more of such clothing as the poorer people wear in Naples would be.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1848.

INFLUENCE OF ABOLITION EFFORTS ON SLAVERY AT THE SOUTH.

To bring before our readers what we have to say on this subject, we will quote again, from Mr. Webster's speech, the paragraph which appeared in the *Register* of the 9th inst:

"I say that all agitations and attempts to disturb the relations between master and slave, by persons not living in the slave States, are unconstitutional in their spirit, and are, in my opinion, productive of nothing but evil and mischief. I countenance none of them. The manner in which the government of those States where slavery exists are to regulate it, is for their own consideration, under their responsibility to their constituents, to the general laws of propriety, humanity and justice, and to God. Associations formed elsewhere, springing from a feeling of humanity, or any other cause, have nothing whatever to do with it. They have never received any encouragement from me, and they never will. In my opinion, they have done nothing but to delay and defeat their own professed objects."

What are the professed objects of the associations and efforts alluded to?' The main object is of course the abolition of slavery. Subordinate to this, though not directly aimed at, is the melioration of the condition of the slave, while in slavery. We have often heard it said, indeed, and seen it stated, that the efforts at the North only made the planters more harsh and severe; that the disposition cherished in the slave through Northern agitation, obliged the slaveholders in self-defence, to extend fewer privileges, and adopt a more rigorous system of servitude. But all this is contrary to actual fact. Go to the South, and you will hear Southerners plainly speak of the mitigations in the lot of the slave, especially within the last twenty years. He is better fed, better clothed, less overworked, less cruelly treated. We should expect such a result from the alleged fact, even if it were true, that abolitionists have greatly exaggerated in their accounts of the cruelties of the slave system. We should expect that slaveholders, where the accusations have been so loud and so wide, and, to say the least, have had such plausible grounds in facts that could not be gainsayed,—we should expect that they would adopt a milder treatment as a practical refutation of the charges alleged.

But whoever has travelled much through the South, has seen too much to confirm the statements of abolitionists—only their statements have been too sweeping—have been made in universal terms, without recognizing great and noble exceptions. We have been on a plantation, where the system, save in that one respect—slavery—for which we will offer no kindness in the master as an apology or offset,—has been nearly paternal—we will say far more so than any relation between master and apprentices that we have ever known. And we have also seen, with our own eyes, and heard with our own ears, instances of cruelty, especially among the more ignorant of the slaveholders in the interior, which have made every drop of blood in our veins flow faster with indignation. We remember, in Liberty County, Georgia, only six miles from Midway, a Northern colony, originally from Dorchester, and regarded as one of the most distinguished counties at the South for religion and education, and the attention paid to the welfare of the slave,—we remember to have heard, from two aged women in a log-house in the pine woods, an account of a scene at one of their neighbors, at which they hastened home in anguish. We once heard, too, as we stood by the bed-side of a member of the Methodist church, who was very ill, in that same county, the following confession:—"O, if God will spare my life, I will be more kind to my slaves." We have heard admissions of cruelties practised, from the lips of some of the most intelligent Southerners. With exceptions in favor of, we will hope, many humane masters, we cannot but feel that the statements of abolitionists respecting the cruelties of the slave system, have been true in the general, true within the last twenty years. If a different aspect is now really exhibited at the South—if kindness is now the rule, and cruelty the exception, (which we by no means see evidence of) then has the change been effected within the time during which special abolition efforts have been made. Give, as we may, to the progress of civilization, some of the credit of this less cruel treatment of men unjustly held in bondage—a bondage which no kindness can extenuate—there will remain a vast deal which would never have been witnessed but through the agency of the voice and the press at the North, which exposed the cruelties practised.

It is urged, moreover, that the agitation of the slavery question in the free States has only retarded and defeated the abolition of slavery itself; and this, we suppose, is what Mr. Webster specially alludes to. Where and what is the evidence of this? The only plausible reason we have ever seen or heard assigned, is, that Virginia and Kentucky were once on the very eve of emancipation, but were drawn back by this anti-slavery agitation. Now the strength of the emancipation feeling in those States was in the western part of the former, and the eastern part of the latter, where slavery, in consequence of the nature of the soil, and surface of the country, and climate, never was profitable, and never dominant. In the other parts—in east Virginia and Kentucky west—the slave interest was strong, and had a majority which never showed any purpose to emancipate. Moreover, about the time of the up-springing of the anti-slavery movement, there rose a demand for slaves in our Southern and South-western territories, which made it profitable to breed slaves in Virginia and Kentucky, and [thoughts of emancipation, if they had ever been cherished, dissolved before the newly opened prospects of gain. Any real retrograde movement from incipient emancipation back to slavery, through the agitation of the subject at the North, has, at least in our pinion, never taken place.

For ourselves we are constrained to believe that the South, if left to itself, would never free itself from slavery. In the first place, the evil seems so appalling even to those at the South who desire the abolition of slavery, that they dare not attempt its removal. As one of them has quite recently expressed it, they "suffer under a present heavy evil with an obscured future." They can neither act vigorously, nor act at all. They look forward to a day of emancipation as one so surrounded with difficulties and disasters, as to make them wish to be in their graves, before the storm shall come—which nevertheless they foresee must come. They are for leaving all to an overruling Providence, which shall bring it about in the appointed time. Mr. Appleton, in his letter to Mr. Danforth, (see *Register* of Sept. 2) expresses the opinion of many Southern Christian men when he thus gives his own:—"On the whole, I consider the question of the abolition of slavery in the United States, one of those great and difficult problems entirely beyond the power of man to solve. Fortunately, events of this kind are controlled by a wiser and higher power, on which we may rely with perfect confidence that they will work together for good."

But when has God wrought any great reform, except as man has wrought with God?—What great good has been attained for man, except as man has been co-worker with God? To take the position here recommended, is to stay in Herculaneum and Pompeii on the eve of an overwhelming eruption of Vesuvius. It is the tendency of evil,—and slavery is no exception, but a singular confirmation,—to increase and become more formidable, until, if let alone, it bursts with destructive power on the devoted heads of those exposed to it. Every day's delay of emancipation increases its difficulty, makes the relations of the slave system more complex, and their dissolution more formidable to those whom it concerns. There is needed, then, interposition from the North to urge and encourage those, who sincerely wish for emancipation, to engage in it now, at the present hour, when the work is more difficult than it was twenty years ago, but less difficult than it will be any day to come. Engaging willingly in the work, difficult though it seems, God will be their helper, and man's extremity will prove, as ever, God's opportunity.

In the second place, there is a large class,—the majority of the Southern church,—who believe the system is sanctioned by the New Testament. Not that their consciences are all satisfied that slavery is not a wrong, nor one of the evils intended to be removed from the earth by the operation of the gospel. But it is *tolerated for a season*, and *they* are among those in whom God's will tolerates it—a state of mind worse than any conceivable for doing anything to remove the evil. Will they, with no promptings and rebukes from without, be likely to engage in the work of emancipation?

Again, there are others, who, led on by Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Calhoun, express their attachment to slavery, their determination to adhere to it at all hazards, their resolution to secede from the union, rather than give up their slave institutions. This may be a minority in fact. But it is a powerful minority, able, thus far, to brow-beat and overpower any of the numerous class, who desire to see slavery abolished but have not the courage to attempt it.

In the midst of all these difficulties, if in the free States men should hold their peace, this curse of slavery would go on accumulating, and the day of emancipation never arrive. There is needed to be brought to bear on the South a strong public opinion; that public opinion which is the most formidable antagonist to wrong and oppression. And here we cannot but quote from Mr. Webster's speech on the Greek Revolution, sentiments utterly irreconcileable with his position in respect to slavery:

"The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the *public opinion* of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die,"

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conquerer back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind." Vol. 1, p. 253.

We add, also, from his Speech on South American Independence, the following:

"If it be weak to rejoice, when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression, to erect themselves, and to enjoy the proper happiness of their intelligent nature; if this be weak, it is a weakness from which I claim no exemption."—p. 349.

We will not think this the orator's rhetorical flourish, nor that the maturity of age would pronounce these the offspring of the enthusiasm of his youth. Mr. Webster feels a difficulty from the compromises of the Constitution.—"They are unconstitutional in their spirit"—these "agitations," he says. And why unconstitutional? Mr. Webster does not tell us why, and for ourselves we cannot see clearly why. These compromises of the Constitution, what are they? What were they meant to be? Is it to be supposed for a moment, that those in the free States, who consented to them, thereby bound themselves hand and foot and tongue, from doing anything immediately or by associated effort, to procure the abolition of slavery? Not so thought Franklin, the President of the first abolition society in the country.

But do these compromises really bind us? Have we, in fact, made the oath, which we cannot break in honor? Are we caught in a trap? Mr. Webster might so argue in a court where the letter of the law binds, but not where he himself appeals to "the *spirit* of the Constitution."

No, there is nothing in the compromises of the General Government which binds us from attempting to procure the abolition of that in view of which the compromises were made. And since it exists longer than the fathers of the Constitution supposed, and grows by neglect, our duty is the more urgent. Nay, since we at the North can see the evil working of the system of slavery on our brethren at the South, our duty arising from the spirit of the Constitution, is to exert ourselves in their behalf. To say that slavery is their look out, not ours in the free States, is to pass by with the priest and the Levite on the other side. And still further—since we feel the evil affecting us at the North so deeply, our duty to ourselves urges us to efforts for its removal.

But the negro is our brother also—far more than the South American in Panama, or the Greek on the isles of the Aegean or the shores of the Mediterranean. It is poor consistency to urge and favor movements in Congress in behalf of men oppressed by other nations, and discourage and denounce movements in behalf of our oppressed at home. By whatever instrumentality a "*public sentiment*" may be directed against slavery, and made "more intelligent, more intense and more formidable," let it be welcomed, let it be encouraged, let it have free course.

JUDGE NOT.

We are prone to pass hasty judgment on one another's characters and motives. We form our decision on a very superficial view of cases, with but little or no sense of our accountability, and with but little or no thought of the justice or injustice of our decisions. It is supposed to be this habit of hasty and unjust judgment that our Savior forbids, when he says, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." That is, he forbids magnifying little foibles into great sins, trifling defects into serious blemishes, blameworthiness into gross culpability—in short he forbids censoriousness; he forbids harsh judgment instead of looking on our neighbor with charity.

Our liberty to judge under some circumstances, and the kind of judgment we are forbidden to exercise, are recognised in the precept, Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

It is possible, however, that our Savior intended to dissuade us, in general, from expressing judgment on men. This general principle, like every other, has its exceptions; and these exceptions we must discern for ourselves. Observe, *expressing* our judgment of men's actions. We of course form some opinion of them in our own minds. "By men's fruits ye shall know them." But what we know, we are not always bound to declare, and very often it is not wise to declare. It is wiser to refrain in general, from *expressing* our own just opinions of our fellowmen. We should refrain unless duty demands we should speak.

Such was the example of Jesus. "Ye judge after the flesh, said he; I judge no man. And yet if I judge, my judgment is true." It was the prophetic word concerning him—"He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets." Not until it would have been a sin to hold his peace, did he depart from his general principle of not judging, and begin to denounce the scribes and pharisees. He at first did not even judge them—as he himself asserts; though if he had expressed his mind at once concerning them, his decisions, as he said, would have been true. But when forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and when exposure was the only way to prevent their doing further evil, then he judged them, and his judgment was just. Not he spake, but the Father spake by him.

It is no small motive to refrain from judging, lest we be judged. For the rule is sure—that with what judgment we judge, we shall be judged, and with what measure we meet, it shall be measured out to us again. "Measure for measure," the world over, and throughout all generations.

Suppose you allow yourself in the practice of judging freely, and expressing your judgment on the actions of your fellow-men, and suppose your judgment is always just, always duly proportioned; nothing extenuating, nothing exaggerating, nor setting down aught in malice. You will receive in return the scrutiny and decisions of others—as well of those whom you do not judge, as those whom you judge. Are you prepared for it? Are you free from faults? It is very questionable, even though you cherish the quiet self-assurance that you yourself are not obnoxious, whether you have not faults of equal magnitude—and indeed the very same faults that you condemn. Perhaps you say you are willing others should judge you, if they will be equally as candid and fair as yourself. And yet if you could hear their really candid judgments of your excellencies and faults and weaknesses together, you would very probably be quite willing to relinquish the right to judge others, if they would relinquish it of you; and you would concede that the wiser part would have been generally to refrain from the exercise of the right to judge, and act on the principle of being slow to speak on the character and conduct of others. Wherever you see any body possessing this prudence, you see one of whom you and every body will be slow to speak unfavorably, and ready to make charitable allowance for his real infirmities. And if such a man falls, he will rather be pitied than condemned.

Who could endure a close scrutiny of his words and actions—to say nothing of having his thoughts and feelings known? It requires meekness to hear our faults even from friendly lips. But to have our faults deliberately weighed, and made matter of public talk—this no one among us, old or young, male or female, is stoic enough to bear with complacency. And yet be sure, whoever is in the habit of judging others even fairly, this will be the measure meted out in return. Your judgements of others have been no unproductive seed of a plentiful crop of judgments against yourself. If one, prone to judge, could make himself invisible, or could the tympanum of his ear become susceptible enough to catch words from distant groups of men or women talking, he would be no longer unaware of the certainty of the retribution that follows judging one's fellow men. This retribution, even though one is not aware of it, is heavy enough. For in this retributive judgment, other men do not allow you credit for your real excellencies. You receive less consideration, have less weight, less influence.

It is to be doubted whether this just judgment is very often practiced—this judgment which nevertheless the best of us, who has any self-knowledge, would shrink from having applied to him. Who ever saw a man prone to express his judgment of others, that was not given to exaggeration and misconstruction? He sees a mote—a little fragment of chip—in his brother's eye. He notices what he thinks obstructs his brother's sight, and he would take it out so that his brother may see clearly. He sees small foibles, and he sees nothing else. The whole character is vitiated to him, and nothing is good until this defect is removed. He thinks more of little foibles than he ought. He thinks more of small weaknesses than he ought to think even of serious defects. This undue estimate of little foibles is an exaggeration of the nature of human imperfection. This blindness to real excellencies on account of small defects, is great injustice. This judgment of a man's character, from microscopic views of things in themselves really small, is judging with unjust judgment. The greater part of human censure is directed towards what is small in itself, and ought to be overlooked; what is perhaps a defect of constitution or education—a defect of circumstance, of early neglect, and therefore not involving direct criminality. Our judgment in such cases should be mild and forbearing. They will be cured better in some other way than by our censure. In our effort to put our finger into our brother's eye, to pull out some little blunted splinter, the rudeness of the attempt may produce more inflammation, and the sensitive quick-moving eye conceal deeper down beneath its lid, the hurtful thing we are trying to remove.

The habit of fault finding may sometimes be exercised where the deepest sentiments of our hearts must be to do justice and kindness. We see most clearly the faults of those who are nearest us, and they see ours. Our mutual affection seeks their removal. But we often mistake the way. Better, doubtless, not to be trying all the time to remove motes. They will multiply under our hands, if especially we are perpetually calling attention to them. A beautiful writer of the present day, in delineating domestic scenes, says, 'Cultivate the good, the bad will fall away of itself.' There is wisdom in the observation.

For the Register.

THE NEEDLE WOMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The season of cold approaches, and many are looking forward to the increased wants it must bring, and the suffering it may cause.

Numerous applicants at the room of the "Needle-woman's Friend," from whom employment has been for some months necessarily withheld, are now enquiring when they shall again have work. The reply must be, when the sale of such articles as they are capable of making shall enable the managers to purchase materials and provide payment for the supply of an additional quantity.

The managers acknowledge with much satisfaction that they have been able to give employment during the summer to those of their applicants who can do fine and difficult work; and to whom it has been a great assistance: but for the unpracticed, the infirm, those whose strength and eyesight are failing, a large supply of plain and coarse work is needed.

Many are in want of such clothing as the sales-room of this society can furnish; many need the small sums which the making of it affords.

Will not the charitable consider this?

Under garments of all kinds for men, women, and children; sheets, pillow-cases, double gowns, overalls, children's and other dresses, infant's clothing, &c., are on hand and may be purchased for the cost of the material and the making.

Donations of materials, or orders for work, thankfully received at the sales-room, 296 Washington street.

For the Register.

THE FUNERAL OF A POLE.—EDWARD B. BOHUSZEWICK.

Funerals in the city! funerals in the country! how unlike to our imaginations! When we hear of the one, we think of a cold and hurried service, a coffin carried forth under the curious eyes of neighbors who knew not that there was sickness beneath the roof, a short procession through streets thronged with careless passengers, and a return to a house whose holy stillness is incessantly broken by the rattle of passing vehicles. We think of a funeral in the country, and the sympathetic gathering of all who knew the departed, the tolling of the bell, the hush in which the voice of prayer is distinctly heard by many souls, the quiet progress along the grassy roadside to the tranquil resting place of the *body*, all are present to us.

But this afternoon I have attended a most solemn and touching funeral service, in the heart of a populous city. A young Pole of noble family came to this country some years ago. after imprisonment and suffering in the cause of his ill-fated country; and after a short stay in New York, Boston, and Salem, he found an exile's home in the fair city of Providence.

The accomplishment which had been cultivated as the elegant amusement of a refined youth, became the source of honorable support. For eleven years Edward B. Bohuszewick taught music successfully, commanding the respect and winning the affection of all who knew him by the purity of his life, by his conscientious fidelity to duty, the benevolence of his heart, and the genuine refinement of his manners and whole nature. Proud, yet gentle, he wounded none by his pride; and when the highborn wanderer lay in his coffin, and so many eyes wept as they gazed upon it, not one heart probably remembered his noble parentage. Who would have prophesied this, in the hour of his birth! He had the only patent of nobilty known in this country, a noble nature and life.

The hour for the funeral service was fixed at 2 P. M., at the Westminster Church, Providence, where he had for some years officiated as an organist. Long before two, the pews not reserved were filled with those whose serious countenances showed that something better than idle curiosity had brought them there; the coffin was brought in by *friends*, a wreath was laid upon it by hands that would pay honor to none who did not deserve it, and the service commenced. The two musical societies to which the deceased belonged, had volunteered their services, and touching were the solemn strains that rose from the spot where he had so often poured out his own soul of music. Motionless now lay his form at the opposite side of the sanctuary; but we felt that *he* listened! Sometimes the organ was scarcely heard, and that finest of all earthly music, the harmonious blending of many human voices, rose as if to penetrate into the spiritual world, and reach him there. The address by the pastor of the church, Mr. Osgood, was singularly judicious, beautiful, and touching; where the occasion itself said so much, it was peculiarly difficult to say anything that should meet and not mar the excited feelings:—yet the souls of the listeners were led by the words of the speaker quietly up to wholesome, high, and happy thoughts. We were glad so many of the age and sex most open to fierce temptations were there, many devoted to the fascinating and dangerous passion for music. We were glad that they should hear words of such wise and tender counsel in the very presence of that reality, which to them is so apt to seem a vision,—*death*. The calm countenance of him who had probably known the full power of temptation in a life of unusual vicissitude and exposure, was there, eloquent in the cause of unspotted virtue. All who had known him, had declared him *virtuous*.

And there was the moral of the scene. God grant, for the sake of the thriving and lovely city where this stranger received such honorable burial, that the moral may have sunk deep into each heart. Well might the speaker take as his concluding lesson, the force of character! It was there, all about us. The pupils of the amiable, patient, exemplary music-teacher were weeping about us, the members of various musical societies, the parishioners for whom his fingers had awakened that sweetest of organs, citizens who had had only the ordinary intercourse of society with him, had come together voluntarily, and thronged that public building, and there was a genuine sadness upon their countenance, and their bosoms swelled as they listened to a brief and a simple tale of the life of Edward B. Bohuszewick; and with deep respect they followed the body of the forlorn man to his grave, while a military band played a dirge with unusual solemnity and pathos, and the busy streets were quiet as they passed.—And why was all this? It was a tribute to the excellence of the man. He had no claim on a single human being present. He had had no tidings from his mother, from his home for years; and knew not that he had a relative on the earth he was quitting. Tenderly had he been nursed through his illness, but not a word in his native tongue had reached the ear of the dying man, or was breathed over his coffin. Gold he had not. Fame he had not. Love and respect he had won, and they brought mourners around his grave, who would not have been found in the funeral train of any Crœsus or Cæsar.

Beside the pew I occupied, stood an elderly woman, ungloved and coarsely clad, but so deeply moved that she interested me peculiarly. I asked her if she were not tired, but she declined a seat; and she stood through the whole service, absorbed in her feelings, at times weeping in a manner indicating something more than sympathy. It was grief. As we came out I asked if she had known Mr. B.—She only answered in the affirmative, but there was such sorrow in her voice and face, I dare question her no more. Yet I longed to know in what capacity she among the many had learned to love the exile. Poor himself, and a foreigner, how had he gained the simple tenderness of this poor woman, which now rained almost unnoticed tears, as his requiem reached her heart! There too would have been another lesson.—His mother! in Heaven; or on earth? did not every mother think of her that afternoon! He often spoke of her in life, with the deepest filial tenderness. From her probably came that refinement and purity, that goodness, which saved his soul from sin—his forlorn life from misery—his grave from neglect. Lost to each other on earth, what a meeting in Heaven!

For the Register.

MISS MARY CUSHMAN.

Died, in Bernardstown, on the 4th inst., Miss Mary Cushman, only daughter of Mrs. Jason Brown, aged 24 years.

Her gentle virtues, and deep and strong affections, made her one of those beings born to be the blessing of their family and friends; to shew how innocently life and health may be enjoyed, and how meekly at a Father's word they may be resigned.

Pure and happy spirit! During a long season of weakness, and, oftentimes, severe pain, and in the certain view of death, Christian faith sustained her otherwise fainting spirit, and inspired cheerful anticipations of immortal glory.

While others trembled and wept, the sufferer—as if no longer a sufferer—could speak quietly and comfort them, and lead them to God, in words of trust and consolation. Calmly could she say, "It is God's will that I should suffer thus—therefore it is best. Put your confidence in God, read the Bible, be Christians," were her affectionate counsels to dear and loving brothers.

Long shall we remember the fair promise of her early days, the unblameableness of her life, the kindness of her disposition, the integrity of her actions, her readiness—even beyond her strenth—to do what she could for the education and improvement of the young, for the help and comfort of all around her, her gratitude for every attention showed her, her reluctance to occasion trouble to any one.

Long shall we remember these evidences of her piety and goodness manifested in the days of health, and turn with admiration to her bright example of more than resignation—of cheerful acquiescence in her heavenly Father's will—to the patient sweetness, the forgetfulness of self, the tender thought for others, which made her dying bed a scene beautiful and good to contemplate; and while we live, may we be cheered by the recollection of some of her latest words, "We shall meet again."

"Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

A. M. B.

For the Register.

MRS. MARGARET C. GORHAM.

Died, on the 14th of September, 1848, Margaret Champlin Gorham, aged 56 years, wife of Stephen Gorham, Esq.

"On thee, foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last, departing hour,
Angels who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God."

The entire and deep conviction of the goodness of God, can alone reconcile us to the severe and sudden deprivation of one so dear to her family and friends. Her life was passed in the sunshine of prosperity; but she ever acknowledged the hand of the Giver, and scattered the treasures confided to her with a liberal hand. She lived not to herself, and has died to raise our thoughts to that heaven which is the home of her spirit, and of the good of all ages; and we feel assured, that she has been taken in the right way and at the right time. We resign her to the God who gave her so happy an existence here, and to the Savior, who lived and died on earth that we might live in heaven.

L. G. P.

For the Register.

MRS. ELLEN HOBART.

Died in Southboro', Mass., on Monday, Sept. 18th., Mrs. Ellen Hobart, the wife of Dr. A. L. Hobart, and third daughter of Col. James, and Mrs. Nancy Brown, of Framingham, aged 37.

The decease of this lady seemed to be an occasion of great spiritual triumph; the triumph of the mind over the ills incident to the body. No clouds appeared to hang around her horizon, as the end of her earthly course drew near. For her, no darkness settled down on the valley of the shadow of death. The beautiful passage of Scripture found in Psalm xxiii, 4, was chosen by her pastor, as the text of the discourse, delivered in the church at her funeral. It was taken as one often repeated by the deceased, and as one of several passages, which were exceeding precious to her in that last extremity of human life. Have we not known how precious the whole Psalm was to the lamented Greenwood? Was it not chanted with unaffected emotion in the college chapel at Cambridge, at the funeral obsequies of our beloved Ward? Is not the same chord in every human heart struck by its recital?

The removal of our friends, especially when sudden and unexpected, is a severe shock to survivors. How sharp the trial even in view of the triumph! But our friend's lamp was trimmed in season, so that even at so short a notice, it instantly and remarkably shone. Even now, it seems to shine from afar—the steady, uniform, gentle light of her life, the parting light of her wise and kind reproof, her sustaining counsel, her gracious and affectionate valedictions. Lead us, O Lord, to prayer and to holiness, so that we "may be accounted worthy to enter into rest and glory."

For the Register.

Died in Boxboro', on the 19th and 20th inst., Albert and Alfred, twin babes of John W. and Sarah Jane Mulliken. These interesting children were baptized but a few days before their death over the coffin of their deceased mother, whose sudden and affecting death was recently announced in the Register. They were both buried in one coffin, locked in each other's arms, and bearing in their hands perennial flowers. Beautiful in life, they seemed no less lovely in death. The mortal remains of mother and children repose side by side, while faith points upward and shews the immortal rejoicing together,—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers—"

"Where sin no more obstructs the sight,
And sorrow pains the heart no more."

For the Register.

CHANNING'S WORKS.

Of the sets of Channing's Works entrusted to him for distribution, Mr. Holland would report:

Two sets sent to Milwaukie.
Two sets to Rev. Mr. McKinney, Indiana.
Two sets to Rev. G. W. Woodward, Galena.
One set to the Public Library, Hillsboro'.
One set to Roxbury Athenæum.
One each to Rev. Messrs. Harding, Brown, Wellington, Very and Babbidge.
One set to Friends' College, Salem, Ohio.
One through Rev. J. Spear, to the prison.
One through Rev. J. Spear, to Dr. Coolidge, at Thomaston Prison.
One to a very devoted Sabbath School teacher at the West.

Seventeen sets in all, two of them delivered in obedience to an order from the original subscribers. Office of the A. U. A. 111 Washington street.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine and Commercial Review. Edited by Freeman Hunt. Published Monthly. Vol. 19, Sept. 1848, No. 3.—From T. Wiley, Jr.

This number contains the second of a valuable series of lectures on the History and Principles of Ancient Commerce, by James William Gilbart, F. R. S;—The other articles are, The Salmon Fishery; Commercial Cities of Europe; (Nantes;) Statistics and History of the British Cotton Trade; Savings Funds among Charitable Associations; Commercial Code of Spain; Points in Mercantile Law.

The remainder of the Contents embraces Mercantile Law Cases, Commercial Chronicle and Review, Commercial Statistics, and Regulations; Nautical Intelligence; Railroad, Canal and Steamboat Statistics; Journal of Banking, Currency and Finance; do., of Mining and Manufactures, Mercantile Miscellanies, Book Notices.

It will be seen from the above, that this Magazine presents subjects interesting as well to the scholar and general reader, as to merchants. It exhibits, in each successive number, unwearied industry of research; and its copiousness of material shows how vast is the world of commerce.

A Compendium of English Literature, chronologically arranged, from Sir John Mandeville to William Cowper, consisting of Biographical Sketches of the Authors, Selections from their Works, with Notes, explanatory, illustrative, and directing to the best editions and to various criticisms. Designed as a Text Book, for the Higher Classes in Schools, and for Junior Classes in Colleges, as well as for private reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. Stereotype Edition. Philadelphia. E. C. & J. Biddle, No. 6 South fifth Str 1848.—large 12 mo. pp 776.

We have received a copy of this work from the author It is but two months since it made its appearance in a first edition, and it has now passed to a second, in which it is stereotyped. A brief notice of it was given in the Register of Dec. 18th last. The present edition has numerically seventy six pages more than the first, (in reality, by printing the notes in smaller type, one hundred and fifty;) providing room for thirty-five new authors, and several more specimens from female writers. It has also undergone a most thorough revision, the result of which is not only wonderful accuracy throughout the

book, but a greater approximation to correctness in the text of the various selected matter than has hitherto been attained. The work thus enlarged and improved is very full and perfect for the uses intended, as expressed in the title page. It is already introduced into the Public Grammar Schools of Philadelphia, the Public High School of Hartford, Mr. G. B. Emerson's School for Young Ladies in Boston, Dr. C. S. Cartee's School for Young Ladies in Charlestown, &c., &c.—These we feel assured are only an earnest of its adoption throughout the country, wherever a superior English education is sought to be given or to be received. We have said, "throughout the country." The Note on p. 279,-80, will probably prevent its use except where society is in the state in which God designed it,

"HUMAN LEFT FROM HUMAN FREE."

Although the selections are necessarily few and brief, it will not be said of Mr. Cleveland, as *Dr. Johnson* said of any one who should try to *recommend* Shakspeare by select quotations—that he has succeeded "like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." He has rather constructed a beautiful, rich mosaic. He has presented, in a very neat manual form, a volume of the choicest selections from English literature during five centuries — prose and poetry—from A. D. 1300 to 1800—from Edward III to George III, and given a unity to the whole.

That the book will be read with great favor by those who seek amusement and literary culture from the various literary works issuing from the press, we judge from the fact that taking it up for criticism, we entirely forgot our task in the pleasure of reading.

As an exercise for pupils, we cannot conceive one more useful than it furnishes. Taking one of the selections, as it comes in course, and reading it aloud, and giving in connexion with it the accounts contained in the biographical sketches and notes, and names and reigns of the kings which head the page, they will be disciplined both in reading and criticism, and acquire an amount of literary, biographical, and historical information that will be of priceless value even if they go no farther. But with many it will prove an introduction to the larger wealth of which they have here so rich specimens.

To form such a Compendium, good taste, fine scholarship, familiar acquaintance with English literature, unwearied industry, tact acquired by practice, an interest in the culture of the young, a regard for truth, purity, philanthropy, religion, as the highest attainment, and the highest beauty,—all these were needed, and they are united in Mr. Cleveland.

The work is for sale at Phillips & Sampson's, and at the bookstores generally.

A Chart and Description of the Boston and Worcester and Western Railroads; in which are noted the Towns, Villages, Stations, Bridges, Viaducts, Tunnels, Cuttings, Embankments, Gradings, &c., the Scenery and its Natural History, and other objects passed by this Line of Railway. With Numerous Illustrations. Constituting a novel and complete Companion for the Railway Carriage. By William Guild, Boston: Published by Bradbury & Guild, 12 School St. pp. 84.

This is No. 1, of a series entitled "Bradbury and Guild's Rail Road Charts." The reading matter is instructive and entertaining, and presented in fine clear type and paper. The engravings,—76 in number,—the sketches for which were taken from Nature by Mr. H. Billings expressly for the work, are in a superior style—very beautiful and very correct. Besides, there are given on every other page, the gradings of the road, road crossings, distances, &c.

We anticipate for the author and publishers the praise of a discriminating public, and that success which will abundantly reward their enterprize.

☞ From illness we were unable to read much of the proof of last week's paper. The consequence was a multitude of errors, and one or two omissions of words necessary to the sense. We will attempt to correct only one or two of the more important.

In col. 6, under Religious Intelligence, for "opening sermon" read opening *session*; "ten or twelve thousand," read ten or twelve *hundred*; "corporates," read *corporate*. &c. &c.

☞ Mr. James F. Brown, of Quincy, a graduate of Divinity School, in Cambridge, has accepted the invitation of the Unitarian Society in West Cambridge to become their pastor.

PEALE'S COURT OF DEATH. This great painting is now on exhibition at the Tremont Temple, under the care of Dr. Colton, who is now delivering a course of scientific lectures at the same place.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"SPEED THE" PEN.—We see it stated in the N. Y. Evangelist that a Glasgow gentleman offered three prizes for the three best essays on the Blessings of the Sabbath, on condition that they should be written by laboring men.—In three months,—the time specified,—950 compositions were offered; and among them one from a female, worthy to receive one of the prizes, but the adjudicators felt that the proposition was restricted to the male sex.—The essay alluded to is to be published in a book form with the title, The Pearl of Days.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN STEAMERS. A CONTRAST.—Rev. Eli Noyes of this city, (lately returned from England,) states the following facts illustrating British intolerance and American tolerance.

"Not a year ago two Baptist clergymen were crossing to England by the Cambria. These gentlemen in company with four or five friends were assembled in the aft cabin, at a time of day when no one wished to occupy that part of the ship, engaged in reading the Psalms of David. The captain hearing the fact came down and peremptorily forbade them to proceed, ascertaining that such were the orders of the ship, which he was obliged to enforce. The writer having occasion to cross to England by the Caledonia four months ago, found the intolerant rule strictly regarded.

We returned home in our own noble steamer, the Hermann, where the accommodations were better, and the fare fifty dollars less; and what is best of all, any persons can read the Bible and worship God as they like. Capt. Crabtree invited us to preach both Sabbaths that we were on board, which we did to a large and attentive audience of passengers, the only person under standing English, who refused to come in, being a young graduate from Oxford and a rigid Puseyite. At the close of our service on the second Sabbath, another young man from Oxford requested our captain to allow him and his friends to have the Church of England service, and quite contrary to his expectations Capt. Crabtree, just like every true hearted American captain, most cordially granted his request. The young gentleman next came to me soliciting my attendance, and very much to his surprise, I heartily assented, and was about the first on the spot. Some six or seven assembled.

I feel bound in justice to apprize my countrymen of the fact that though persons may curse, and swear, play cards or get drunk at any time of day or night, in any part of the steamers of the Cunard line, they cannot assemble in companies of half a dozen to read the Bible or pray without being interrupted."

SIR JAMES ROSS. From the log-book of the Bee our corespondent copied the following intelligence:—"July 16.—Spoke the schooner Mayflower, Smith, who had seen the American whaler M'Lellan, of New London, Jackson master, with 40 tons of oil. The American reports Her Majesty's ships, under Sir J. C. Ross, as having reached Lieveley, Disco Island, on the 2d inst., all well; and Captain Ross had left despatches for the Admiralty, to be forwarded by the first Danish vessel for Europe, and that Captain Ross immediately proceeded in search of his friend sir John Franklin. The crews were all well." Disco Island lies on the west coast of Greenland, at the entrance of Baffin's-bay, neat 70 degrees of latitude. It is a dreary spot, with scarcely any vegetation, and inhabited principally by reindeer. The bay of that name is extensive, being about 160 miles in circuit. A voyage of five or six degrees farther north will lead to Barrow's Straits, and those regions where intelligence of Sir John Franklin is most likely to be procured.

DEATH OF THE PLUCKLEY PROPHET. Our Slaugham correspondent informs us of the death, on Thursday, at that place, of Couchman, the "Pluckley Prophet," and the belief of his followers, of whom he possessed a few to the last, that he will shortly rise again! The impositions of this man have long been a scandal to this country and to the age in which we live. At one time numerous persons in a respectable sphere of life—some from this town—believed in his powers of effecting miraculous cures, and some allowed their credulity to carry them so far as to believe, after his mummery, that they were cured—a belief, however, that quickly faded away before painful experience to the contrary. [Brighton Herald.

THE MONK'S PREDICTION. A Paris Correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says that the clergy of France are making great use of a famous prediction of the 14th Century in operating on the minds of the people. This prediction is said to have been made by a monk who flourished in the 14th Century, and is to the effect that in 1848 a republic would be established in France, followed by ten years of anarchy, after which the return of the lily (Henry V.) would bring back peace, happiness, &c.; these to endure fifteen years and then the end of the world to supervene.

Gretna Green marriages can never occur again. On Tuesday week a Scotch mariage bill was read a third time in the House of Lords, which requires runaway couples to reside a fortnight in Scotland before they can effect the hasty purpose which is said to be followed by a leisurely repentance.

LUTHERAN SECEDERS.—An Assembly of the Lutherans, who form the more orthodox party in the Prussian Church, has been convoked at Wittemburg, with a view to their separation from the United Evangelic Church of Prussia, in which they have been incorporated by the Act of Union.

ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS OF RUSSIA.—There are in Russia 2,770,000 Romanists, 2,-400,000 Mohammedans, 1,200,000 Jews, and 1,750,000 Lutherans The number of the Greek Clergy in Russia is 35,944; Greek churches 11,-480.

OPEN COMMUNION IN ENGLAND.—"Open communion" is on the advance in England.—The London Patriot says:—"We are authorized to state that the Rev. William Brock, having been constrained to relinquish his pastoral connexion with his Church in Norwich, will probably become the stated minister of the elegant and spacious chapel which has been built by S. M. Peto, Esq., M. P., in Bloomsbury." The church to be formed in connection with this chapel will be open communion. Mr. Peto contemplates the erection of another chapel in London.

THE CATHOLICS IN SWITZERLAND. A letter from the Gazette de Lyons states that the Government of Friburg, Switzerland, has suppressed most of the Jesuit Abbys; the Government of the Valais has appropriated the ecclesiastical property of the clergy, secular and regular; the Government of Lucerne is suppressing the convents and surcharging Catholic institutions with an extraordinary, contribution; the Government of Thurgau, composed in great part of Protestants has, at one full swoop, suppressed all the convents on its territory, excepting one, the property, of which is, luckily for it, on the other bank of the Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The Canton of Tessin, pursuing the same course, has laid hands, in one decree, on nine convents, appropriating their property on the simple plea that the Government is in want of money.

DISPENSING WITH THE BISHOP. An English paper states that the Chaplain at Madeira having become a Puseyite, the people of his charge became tired, and applied to the Bishop of London for his removal. The chaplain was licensed by the Bishop of London, who being himself a Puseyite, refused to remove him. The congregation, impatient to get rid of their Puseyite teacher, elected another minister, and applied to the Bishop to ratify their act. His Lordship refused. The people then applied to Lord Palmerston, the Secretary of State, to aid them in the matter, who soon put all difficulties at rest, by instructing the Episcopalians of Madeira to choose a chaplain for themselves, and intimating to the British Legislature that the bishop's license will henceforth be dispensed with.

ROMANISM. It appears from the Roman Catholic Directory for 1848, that the total number of Roman Catholic churches and chapels in England and Wales is 545; in Scotland 85, besides 22 stations where divine service is performed; making a grand total of 630 churches and chapels. Of Catholic colleges, there are in England 10; and in Scotland, 1. Convents, 38, of which 12 are in the London district Monasteries, 4. Of Missionary priests in England and Wales, there are 707, including priests without any fixed mission; in Scotland, 99; making a grand total of 806 misionary priests in Great Britain, including the Bishops.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—The annual commencement of this institution took place at Easton, Pa., on Wednesday, Sept. 20th. The graduating class consisted of twenty-four young men, of whom sixteen have the ministry of the gospel in view.

During the exercises the president of the board of trustees announced that the Rev. Dr. Junkin, who had "presided over the institution, with great ability, for sixteen years," had that day resigned his post as principal. (Dr. Junkin has recently been elected president of Washington College at Lexington, Va.)

The honorary degree of D D. was conferred on the Rev. Parsons Cooke, of Massachusetts, the Rev. John Johnston, of Newburgh, N. Y. the Rev. D. V. Mclean, of Freehold, N. J., and the Rev. John Newland, of Perth, Scotland.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

☞ Mr. Gates, of Cavendish, Vt., had a tamping iron, four feet long and an inch and a half thick, blown right through his cheek-bone and out between the two lobes of his brain, and yet he is living now, a week after the event, and is likely to recover. Some quartz probably got under the wadding and directly upon the powder, and when the pressure was made to ram down the charge, the quartz struck fire, and caused the explosion. Mr. G. is said to be a very worthy, energetic, and useful man: his employment was upon the Cheshire railroad.

NEW SATELLITE OF SATURN.—On the 16th inst. a satellite of Saturn hitherto unnoticed, was seen at this Observatory. It was not, however, fully recognised as such until the 19th. Subsequent measures have left no doubt on our minds as to the character of this new member of the system of Saturn. Its orbit is exterior to that of Titan. But a knowledge of the precise limits, will depend on more extended observations.

W. C. B.

Cambridge, Sept 26th, 1848.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH IN BROOKLYN. The property in the church, belonging to the society, was saved, with the exception of the Organ, which was insured. We are sorry to add that the Insurance Company, in which $5,-000 on the church, and $1500 on the organ, were insured, has probably lost more than all its means: so that it will not be able to meet its obligations.

We learn with great pleasure, that Mr. Farley called together the Trustees of the Unitarian Church at the close of his morning services, who by a unanimous vote promptly and kindly proffered the use of their church, every Sunday afternoon, to our society in Brooklyn so long as their wants require it. We are also informed by Bro. Thayer that Rev. Mr. Beecher, (Orthodox Congregationalist,) at the earliest hour, generously tendered to the Universalist Sabbath School the use of his session room. [Mess.

FREDERICK JEROME. The Common Council of the City of New York has voted to confer the freedom of the city in a gold box, upon Frederick Jerome, the heroic seaman, through whose instrumentality numbers of lives were saved from the burning Ocean Monarch. Jerome has made New York his home for eight or nine years, and has a wife and family residing in Water street. He is a native of Old England, born at Portsmouth, the 14th of May, 1824, and first went to sea in the year 1838—he has been seven years in the American merchant service. He was rewarded by a present of £50 from the Prince de Joinville and Duke d' Aumale; the Queen of England also presented him with another £50, and the humane Society of Liverpool with a gold medal.

This intrepid man saved the lives of about one hundred individuals at the time the packet ship "Henry Clay" was stranded.

It is a singular fact, which came out in evidence before the committee, that the mate of the Ocean Monarch, knowing that Jerome was on board the New World, then close to, and having witnessed his exertions on a former occasion, when the Henry Clay was stranded near New York, proceeded in the boat to the New World and brought him to the wreck.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS BY STEAMER. The Acadia arrived in Boston early on Sunday morning.

There is a discrepancy between public and private accounts relative to the crops—the former favorable, and representing that grain and flour had declined; the latter that the corn market had recovered again the previous prices.

All was tranquil in England and Ireland. Parliament was closed 5th inst. after a session of ten months, by the Queen, in person, whose speech was as follows:

My Lords and Gentlemen.

I am happy to be able to release you from the duties of a laborious and protracted session.

The act for the prevention of crime and outrage in Ireland, which received my assent at the commencement of the session, was attended by the most beneficial effects. The open display of arms, intended for criminal purposes, was checked; the course of justice was no longer interrupted; and several atrocious murderers, who had spread terror through the country, were apprehended, tried, and convicted.

The distress in Ireland, consequent upon successive failures in the production of fruit, has been mitigated by the application of the law for the relief of the poor, and by the amount of charitable contributions raised in other parts of the United Kingdom.

On the other hand organized Confederacies took advantage of the existing pressure to excite my suffering subjects to rebellion. Hopes of plunder and confiscation were held out to tempt the distressed; whilst the most visionary prospects were exhibited to the ambitious. In this conjuncture, I applied to your loyalty and wisdom for increased powers; and strengthened by your prompt concurrence, my Government was enabled to defeat, in a few days, machinations which had been prepared during many months. The energy and decision shown by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in this emergency, deserves my warmest approbation.

In the midst of these difficulties, you have continued your labors for the improvement of the laws. The act for facilitating the sale of incumbered estates will, I think, gradually remove an evil of great magnitude in the social state of Ireland.

The system of perpetual entails of land established in Scotland, produced very serious evils both to heirs of entail and to the community, and I have great satisfaction in seeing it amended upon principles which have long been found to operate beneficially in this part of the United Kingdom.

I have given my cordial assent to the measures which have in view the improvement of the public health, and I entertain an earnest hope that a foundation has been laid for continued advances in this beneficial work.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I thank you for the readiness with which you have granted us supplies necessary for the public service. I shall avail myself of every opportunity which the exigencies of the State may allow for enforcing economy.

My Lords and Gentlemen.

I have renewed, in a formal manner, my diplomatic relations with the Government of France. The good understanding between the two countries hes continued without the slightest interruption.

Events of deep importance have disturbed the internal tranquility of many of the States of Europe, both in the north and in the south. These events have led to hostilities between neighboring countries.

I am employing my good offices, in concert with other friendly powers, to bring to an amicable settlement these difficulties, and I trust that our efforts may be successful.

I am rejoiced to think that an increasing sense of the value of peace encourages the hope that the nations of Europe may continue in the enjoyments of its blessings.

Amidst these convulsions, I have had the satisfaction of being able to preserve peace for my own dominions, and to maintain our domestic tranquility. The strength of our institutions having been tried, it has not been found wanting. I have studied to preserve the people committed to my charge in the enjoyment of that temperate freedom which they so justly value. My people, on their side, feel too sensibly the advantages of order and security to allow the promoters of pillage and confusion any chance of success in their wicked designs.

I acknowledge with grateful feelings the many marks of loyalty and attachment which I have received from all classes of my people. It is my earnest thst hope by cultivating respect to the law and obedience to the precepts of religion, the liberties of the people may, by the blessing of Almighty God, be perpetuated.

Her Majesty immediately set out for Scotland.

The number of petitions presented during the session of parliament, was 18,450.

FRANCE.—The proposition for taking off the state of siege of Paris during the discussion on the constitution and thus depriving General Cavaignac of the power of suspending journals, was rejected on Saturday by an immense majority of the National Assembly.

In the sitting of the Assembly the decree of the Provisional Government abolishing imprisonment for debt was abrogated by a majority of 456 to 237 votes.

Three committees of the National Assembly have formed a special committee of seventeen members, chosen by ballot, to take into consideration the reform of the penitentiary system. M. de Tocqueville was chosen president of the committee.

The coming elections are now exciting much attention. Prince Louis Napoleon has announced himself as a candidate, and has declared that if elected, he will take his seat.

It is not yet certain that Austria accepts the mediation of France and England, although it is rumored. Preparations are still seriously made in France on the possibility of refusal.

PRUSSIA.—Ministers are unceasing in their endeavors to secure a majority for their bill for the prevention of open air meetings. Numerous protests against the ministerial measures are daily arriving, and a formidable opposition is already organized in several clubs to which the liberal members of the Assembly belong.

The poet Freiligrath has been arrested at Dusseldorf, for his revolutionary poem, "The Dead to the Living."

AUSTRIA.—Vienna still continues in an unquiet state. A great number of the national guards of Vienna having declared that on no consideration would they again make use of their arms against the workmen, in consequence three additional regiments of the line have been ordered into Vienna.—The number killed in the late riot is ascertained to be 18, and the number of wounded on both sides exceed 200.

A resolution, in favor of the abolition of all feudal dues has been unanimously carried in the Constituent Assembly at Vienna.

HUNGARY.—The Hungarian troops were twice beaten near Lagerdorf by a body of insurgents of nearly half their number, and fled in a paroxysm of fright and anarchy. The commander of a Hungarian force in the vicinity refused to protect or to rally the fugitives. The insurgents have likewise driven the Hungarian troops from the town of Weisskirchen, but the latter being reinforced by some regiments, returned and conqured the town, all the Baizish inhabitants of which were butchered by the Hungarians. In spite of all these cruelties the insurgents have gained signal advantages, and are daily gaining ground.

DENMARK.—The Paris *La Presse* of Friday night says:—"It is confidently reported that the Central Power of Germany has refused to ratify the armistice concluded between Prussia and Denmark. So much is certain, that the Ministry of the German Empire has despatched two couriers, one to Gen. Below, the other to Gen. Wrangel, enjoining them to *recommence hostilities*.

NORTHERN ITALY.—King Charles Albert has published the following proclamation to his army.

"Soldiers—My Government is adoptiong all the measures necessary to recommence the war. From all quarters new brothers in arms are repairing to join the standards you planted on the banks of the Adige. If fatigues and privations of every description wrested victory from you, repose and disipline will procure its fresh triumphs. Soldiers, it remains for you to prove that a reverse of fortune cannot deject you. You must show to the country that it did not vainly reckon on your fidelity and courage. The recollection of your past glory will be an incentive to your new companions. By following your example they will prove themselves worthy of you. Thus, when the armistice has expired, we shall either obtain conditions compatible with the rights of the nation, or, if honor requires, we will again take the field and combat with fresh enthusiasm for Italian independence, the object of all our wishes. The country, which has placed its hopes in you, will appreciate the extent of your attachment to our free institutions, the foundation of the future destinies of Italy. I have, therefore, ordained that all officers and soldiers of the land and sea armies shall take the oath of the fundamental statute, in order that that solemn act should cement the union between citizens and soldiers, who are all without distinction called to enjoy the rights granted by the law to our faithful and beloved people.

(Signed) "CARLO ALBERTO.

"Alessandria, Aug. 28, 1848.

RUSSIA. A report is prevalent that Schamyl has quite retrieved his late losses, and has dreadfully cut up the Russians in several engagements. The losses of the Russians are said to be immense.

TURKEY.—A letter received from Constantinople states that another destructive fire broke out in that city on the 17th ult. The writer thus describes it.

We have suffered another dreadful fire, which has destroyed the entire quarter of buildings on the Marina, from bridge to bridge. That quarter contained magazines of oil, wood, tallow, wax, tobacco, fruit, and other valuable articles, and about a thousand houses, in value together, about £800,-000. This loss, coming so closely upon the heels of the late conflagration, has been an awful one to the poor and industrious classes, living and working on the Marina.

The cholera continues with the same intensity; eighty to a hundred cases per diem are acknowledged by the authorities.

Accounts from Trebisond of the 15th of August state, that the disease appeared to be on the decline, but had carried off 600 out of 1200 attacked. Amongst the deaths are those of Mrs. Stoddart, wife of an American missionary, and a Capuchin friar.

☞ MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI. The The Standing Committee of the Massachusetts Cincinnati, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice to the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of deceased members—and to such of their BRETHREN, who need assistance, to make application to either of the Standing Committee, on or before Wednesday, November, the first, 1848.

THE COMMITTEE.

General Henry Barbeck, *New London*, Dr. Joseph Prescott of *Halifax*, Hon. Charles S. Davies, *Portland*, Hon Elijah Vose, *Dorchester*, Hon. Henry A. S. Dearborn, *Roxbury*, Zibeon Hooker, Esq., *Sherburne*, Rev. A. L. Baury, *Newton*, Lovel Peters, Esq., *Weathorough*, Edmund T. Hastings, Esq., *Medford*, Seth Drew Esq., *Kingston*, Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, Wm. Perkins, John Bryant, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, and Thos. Seward of *Boston*, are by this advertisement, notified to meet in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, in this city, on Wednesday, November the first, 1848, at ten o'clock, A. M.

ADAMS BAILEY, Recorder.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1848. 5tis

☞ THE MIDDLESEX NORTH ASSOCIATION, will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Fuller's, in Manchester, N. H., on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, at 10 o'clock.

sept30 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ THE MAINE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will hold their next meeting at Saco, at the Thornton House, on Monday and Tuesday, 16th and 17th of October. Public Exercises to be on Tuesday evening. sept30

☞ NOTICE. The Franklin Evangelical Association, will meet at the house of Rev. J. Field in Charlemont, on Monday, Oct. 9th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN F. MOORS, Scribe.

Deerfield, Sept. 30, 1848.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars contributed by the pupils of the Sunday School connected with the Rev. Mr. Hall's Society in Dorchester, to constitute Mr. James Pierce, its Superintendent, a Life Member of the Society.

In the last notice, for Mr. Samuel H. Sawyer of Sherburne, Read, Mr. Samuel H. Sanger.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1848.

☞ REV. CHARLES SPEAR, will deliver a sermon on Prison Reform in the Unitarian Church in Fall River, next Sabbath morning,—and also, on the same general subject, in the Universalist Church in the same place in the evening. sept30

☞ PLYMOUTH COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Plymouth County Bible Society, will be holden at East Bridgewater on the 4th day of October next. Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, of North Bridgewater. The Trustees of the Society are requested to meet at the house of Rev. Nath'l Whitman at 10 o'clock, A. M. The public service will be in the Meeting-House at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A collection will be taken at the close of the service in aid of the objects of this Society. Members of the Society and friends of the Bible cause are respectfully requested to encourage the efforts of its managers by their presence and sympathy.

A. R. POPE, Secretary,
sept23 of Plymouth Bible County Society.

☞ MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Middlesex Sunday School Society, will be held at Weston, in the Church of Rev. Dr. Field, on Wednesday, Oct. 11th, at 9, A. M.

The Exercises of the morning will consist of a Report on the condition of the Schools, connected with the Society, and a discussion; the Officers of the Society will also be elected.

In the afternoon, a Discourse will be delivered before the Society.

All friends of the cause of Sunday Schools are earnestly invited to be present.

THEODORE H. DORR, Sec'ry pro tem.
sept30

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 24th inst, by Rev Frederick T. Gray, Mr Edwin A. Wadleigh of this city to Miss Elizabeth A. Sheas of Portsmouth, N. H.

By Rev J. H. Morison, Mr Alonzo Jones of Scituate to Miss Sarah Ann Withens.

In Salem, on Sunday evening, Sept 17th, Mr John Williams to Mrs Mary Ann White.

In North Andover, Mr M. A. Stevens to Miss Lavina R. Gray of Dedham.

In Sharon, Sept 24th, by Rev Jas L. Stone, Mr Sidney Perkins of North Bridgewater to Miss Eliza Gay of Sharon.

In Worcester, 20th inst, by Rev Alonzo Hill, Mr Rufus T. King to Miss Chloe W. Smith, both of Roxbury.

In Greenfield, Sept 15th, George P. Haywood to Mary E. Hastings.

In Springfield, Monday, Sept 25th, by Rev Mr Simmons, Rev William O. White of Salem to Miss Margaretta E. Harding, daughter of Chester Harding, Esq.

In Saco, Me, by Rev G. G. Strickland, Mr George E. Ward to Miss Patience Rowe, both of that town.

In New York City, Sept 20th, Mr Isaac B. Williams to Miss Hannah Chamberlain, daughter of E. D. Chamberlain, Esq, all of Dover, N. H.

DEATHS.

In Chelsea, on Monday, 25th inst, Mr Thomas White of this city, 63.

At Cambridge Port, 18th inst, Mrs Caroline P., wife of Rev John F. W. Ware, and daughter of Nathan Rice, Esq, 28.

In Lynn, 17th inst, Mr James Breed, 89 yrs 7 mos.

Sept. 22d, Miss Mary Elizabeth Ward of this city, 22.

In Haverhill, Mrs Martha Currier, 91—the oldest person in town.

In Salem, Jane, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Rogers, 11 mos.

In Danvers, Phebe Osborn, 77 yrs 6 mos.

In Portland, 19th inst, Mrs Jane Maria, wife of Oliver B. Dorrance, Esq, and daughter of Levi Cutter, Esq, 40.

Died, on Thursday, Sept. 21, at the West Newton State Normal School, Mary C. Newhall, of Lincoln, Mass. Conscientious, truthful, industrious and devoted, of fair attainments and of sound principles, she gave good promise of becoming an efficient and *successful Teacher*. But the Great Master, whom it was her sincere purpose and earnest desire to serve, has called her to another and higher sphere of duty and enjoyment.—Her Normal sisters, to whom, though dead, she yet speaketh, will hold her name in sweet remembrance.

CURE YOUR COUGHS.

WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry, has cured an obstinate and distressing cough, attended with pain in the side and breast, which I had contracted while running a boat on the James River and Kanawha Canal, which business I had to quit on account of my becoming too weak and unfit to discharge my duty as a Captain, and during the winter it grew worse. I procured two bottles of Wistar's Balsam, and I believe it has relieved me. I can therefore recommend it to all those afflicted in a similar manner.

JOSEPH R. BEAL.

Scottsville, Virginia, June 15, 1847.

Buy none but Dr. Wistar's, with I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 138 Washington street, and by Druggists generally, throughout the United States. sept30

MORTON'S
Letheon Dental Establishment,

NO. 19 TREMONT ROW,

Opposite the Boston Museum.

DR. MORTON having for some time sacrificed the profitable exercise of his profession, in consequence of his devotion to the discovery and development of Etherization, and having now perfected his arrangements for resuming his practice and incurred large expenses to command the best advantages for his patients, feels it proper to call attention to his new arrangements.

He will see all his patients personally. The experience of several years in

INSERTING TEETH

has convinced him, that, in order to introduce and secure every possible excellence, it is indispensible that

A DENTIST SHOULD MANUFACTURE HIS OWN TEETH;

and the result of several years application is, that he is now enabled to manufacture and set

TEETH COMPOSED OF QUARTZ AND FELDSPAR,

with a very fine Enamel upon them, which admits of

Every variety of Shade and Color,

and enables him to match with the greatest nicety, both in form and color,

TEETH THAT MAY REMAIN IN THE MOUTH.

They are perfectly incorodable, and cannot be affected in any way by the saliva or acids of any kind. Their durability is perfect, as they will never decay, nor become the least discolored.

FROM ONE TO A COMPLETE SET fitted in the mouth with the greatest accuracy and precision, without giving any pain; and so perfectly natural as to defy detection by the closest observer.

NATURAL OUTLINE AND EXPRESSION OF THE FACE RESTORED by a judicious arrangement of artificial gum as well as teeth.

ABSORPTION OF THE JAW REMEDIED.—Any defect of the jaw may be replaced by the same material.

GOLD OF FINE QUALITY used with the greatest advantage, as it may be thin and delicate.

GOLD SOLDER equally as fine as the plate, which prevents the disagreeable brassy taste and galvanic action.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—Teeth on this principle are set so firmly that they will not drop down or move about, and in many instances will support several pounds weight.

PURE BREATH.—Nothing enters the composition that can affect the breath, as they are composed wholly of stone and gold.

MASTICATION.—They are all sufficiently strong and firm to masticate any ordinary food.

PERFECT FIT.—A perfect fit is always secured as he employs a method of taking impressions as accurate as typeprints.

ARTICULATION.—They answer perfectly every purpose of articulation.

TASTE is not impaired by the breadth of the plate.

MAY BE INSERTED AT ALL PERIODS OF LIFE.—They should be adopted whenever the want of *teeth is felt*.

OLD PEOPLE can have teeth inserted when the Alveolar process has absorbed away.

TEMPORARY TEETH furnished after extracting to be worn until the absorption takes place sufficiently for the insertion of the permaneut ones.

DURABILITY.—A set of well made *Mineral Teeth*, mounted on Gold, will last a life-time.

He offers his services with especial confidence in administering Ether, having had great experience at the Hospital and at his own Establishment. He respectfully refers to the

SURGEONS OF THE MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Pamphlets containing full information upon his mode of inserting artificial teeth, &c., may be had gratis at his rooms, or will be forwarded on application to any one interested, by return of mail.

sept23 3moseop

INDIAN TESTAMENT, 1661.

WUSKU Wuttestamentum Nul-Cordamein Jesus Christ, Nuppoquo hwupæuhumun small 4to.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington, opposite School st. 1is2os sept30

NEW EDITIONS OF THE GREEK CLASSICS. Demosthenes Select Popular Orations, with Notes—by Prof Champlin, 12mo.

The Orations of Demosthenes on the Crown, new edition, with additions—by Champlin, 12mo.

The Gorgias of Plato, with notes—by President Woolsey, new edition, with additions, 12mo.

Homer's Illiad, with notes—by Prof Felton, new ed, with additions, 12mo—portrait.

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus, with notes—by Prof Felton, 12mo.

Alcestis of Euripides, Prometheus of Aeschylus, Antigove and Electra of Sophocles, with notes—by President Woolsey, 4 vols 12mo each, vol sold separate.

Herodotus, with notes—by C. S. Wheeler, 2 vols 12mo.

Crosby's Greek Grammar, 3d edition, including both Common and Dialectic Greek, 12mo.

The above published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington st.

sept30 1is2os

DANIEL & CO.,

No. 201 WASHINGTON STREET.

HAVING RECEIVED BY RECENT ARRIVALS A LARGE STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

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POETRY.

For the Register.

PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

Not in the deep, my God, not in the deep
Make thou *his* grave! My spirit strives in vain
To say, 'Thy will be done', while o'er it sweep
Floods of the deepest sorrow. Tears like rain
Dim my imploring eyes which turn to Thee
In this my hour of keenest agony.

Amid the roar of waters and the rush
Of the infuriate blast, where mast and sail
Fall with a hope-destroying, frightful crush,
Speak Thou, as spake thy Son unto the gale,
And the fierce winds and waves will fall away,
Accustomed, Lord, Thy mandate to obey!

Let not those cold and dismal waters be
A pillow for the head that oft hath pressed,
With love undying as Thine own decree,
In joy and sorrow, my grief-laden breast!
Father, I cannot give the sea my dead!
Pity my breaking heart e'er hope be fled!

How hath the wildness of my prayer essayed
To dictate unto Thee! Father forgive
That I on one weak erring heart have stayed
My all of earthly joy, and that I live
In his calm smile if present, or apart
I fold his image in my lonely heart.

Still must I plead, let not his form be lost
In the dark chambers of the unfathomed deep!
My soul by such a rush of grief is tossed,
I fain must pray, I lose the power to weep.
Help me to say, 'Thy will be done, my God!'
And, if it must be so, to bear Thy rod.

H. J. L.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

MAIDENHOOD.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morn is risen into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Buds and blossoms many number'd; —
Age, that bough which snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JERRY GUTTRIDGE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S TRIALS FROM BEING MARRIED TO GOOD-FOR-NOTHING MAN.

[From Chambers' Miscellany: re-published from the Knickerbocker, for May, 1839.]

'What shall we have for dinner, Mr. Guttridge?' said the wife of Jerry Guttridge, in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log hovel, from a neighboring grog-shop, about twelve o'clock, on a hot July day.

'Oh, pick up something,' said Jerry; 'and I wish you would be spry and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by an' by to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round, I can't wait.'

'We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat,' said Mrs. Guttridge. 'What shall I get?'

'Well, well, pick up *something*,' said Jerry, rather snappishly, 'for I'm in a hurry.'

'I can't make victuals out of nothing,' said the wife. 'The last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither.'

'Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon,' said Jerry, 'that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr. Whitman's and borrow some meal?'

'Because,' said Mrs. Guttridge, 'we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again till that was paid. And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out.'

'I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?'

'Why, Mr. Guttridge,' said his wife with tears in her eyes, 'you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand.'

'Always a grumblin',' said Jerry; 'I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this boy snivelling about?' he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy—a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old—at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. 'Now get up!' said Jerry, 'or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing.'

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs. Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

'What is Bob crying about?' said Jerry, fretfully.

'Why, Mr. Guttridge,' said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, 'the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothin' to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half starved.'

'At this moment, their neighbor, Mr. Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labor in his haying field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavor to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr. Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. He said not a word; and the first address of Mr. Frier was to little Bobby.

'What's the matter with little Bobby?' said he, in a gentle tone; 'come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter.'

'Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr. Frier,' said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr. Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

'I want a piece of bread!' said Bobby.

'And wont your mother give you some?' said Mr. Frier, tenderly.

'She han't got none,' replied Bobby; 'nor 'taters, too.' The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he, 'Neighbor Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half-bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork.'

'I can't go,' said Jerry; 'I've got something else to do.'

'Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge!' said his wife, with a beseeching look; 'for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that wont do no good; you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothing, and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge; do!'

'I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!' said Jerry; 'you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I *shall* go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you're too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say.'

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr. Frier addressed him as follows:

'Now I must say, neighbor Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over at the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbor Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty.'

Upon this, Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr. Frier full in the face, and grinning horribly, he said, 'You old meddling vagabond! who made *you* a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own children, and let your neighbors' alone.'

Mr. Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face, without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to 'pick up something' if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr. Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs. Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

'Poor cre'tur,' said Mrs. Frier; 'why, he's half starved! Betsy, bring him a dish of bread and milk; that will sit the best on his poor, empty, starved stomach.'

While Bobby had been eating, Mr. Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said, 'Mrs. Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so.'

Accordingly a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, 'so that the poor starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good?'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'and put in a bit of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.''

'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Frier; 'and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin' to last till pumpkins come again.' So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on the top, and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr. Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer they would starve. He told his wife he 'had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. The court sits at Saco, to-morrow, and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?'

His wife thought he had better go over and talk with Mrs. Guttridge about it, and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr. Frier said he 'could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be of the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court.'

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs. Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it—and he thought rather the largest half—was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs. Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr. Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, 'that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!'

He sat and looked on until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread and meat and vegetables enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr. Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs. Guttridge. He told her the neighbors could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs. Guttridge began to cry. She said 'she didn't know what they should do: she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr. Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his natur' to work.'

'Well, Mrs. Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?' said Mr. Frier, solemnly.

'I'm sure I do,' said Mrs. Guttridge; 'I believe all there is in the Bible.'

'And don't you know,' said Mr. Frier, 'the Bible says, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat?"

'I know there's something in the Bible like that,' said Mrs. Guttridge, with a very serious look.

Mr. Frier now represented to Mrs. Guttridge the impropriety of her husband's behavior—cruel towards her and her family, and unjust towards her neighbors. In short, though somewhat against her will, he reconciled her to a plan he had in view for bringing Jerry to his senses; namely, that of suing him before the court.

Mr. Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent, that he postponed his visit to the court till next morning. Accordingly, next day, as soon as breakfast was over, he wended his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

'Well, Mr. Frier, what do *you* want?' asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

'I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge, to the grand jury,' replied Mr. Frier, taking off his hat.

'Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?' said the foreman. 'I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand jury.'

'It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do anything,' said Mr. Frier, 'that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr. Foreman, he's a lazy, idle fellow, and wont work, nor provide nothing for his family to eat, and they've been half starving this long time, and the neighbors have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep them alive.'

'But,' said the foreman, 'Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighborly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it?'

'I'm sorry to say, replied Mr. Frier, 'that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family almost a week; but I couldn't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him calmly I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old meddling vagabond!'

'Abominable!' exclaimed one of the jury.'

'Well,' said the foreman, 'there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did.'

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs. Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honorable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following, namely:—'We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family, and giving reproachful language to Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness.'

'Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?'

'Not guilty,' said Jerry; 'and here's my wife can tell you the same any day. Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?'

'Why, yes,' said Mrs. Guttridge; 'I don't know but you have as well as—'

'Stop, stop,' said the judge, looking down over his spectacles at the witness; 'stop, Mrs. Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn.'

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon, he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward and hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier advanced with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs. Guttridge lingered a little behind, but, when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her care-worn features, which, though sunburnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had, in his own mind, more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs. Guttridge was called to the stand.

'Now, Mrs. Guttridge,' said the judge, 'you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And, in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?'

Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time,' said Mrs. Guttridge, trembling; 'but I don't know but Mr. Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get a good deal of the time.'

'Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?'

'Why, as to that,' replied the witness, 'Mr. Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it: it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow he don't seem to be made like other folks: for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time: the natur' don't seem to be in him.'

'Well, well,' said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed that he began to take some interest in the matter—'well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put* the natur' in him.'

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside; and Mr. Nat Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point, clear and conclusive. Suffice it to say, that the judge retained a dignified self-position, and settling back in his chair, and the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charge preferred against him.

The court out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:—"Jerry Guttridge! you have been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness; the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith by the constables at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house.'

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colours, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promised better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court or even to bid any one good-by, he made for home as fast as he could.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door with a kind and piteous look, as asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something," that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr. Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits; and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterwards, Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say, that "somehow, ever since that trial, Mr. Guttridge's nature seemed to be entirely changed!"

AN INCIDENT AT THE IRON MINES IN SWEDEN.

These mines are wholly subterranean, and have been worked for a period of four or five hundred years. Some years ago, in working to establish a communication between two shafts of a mine, the body of a miner was discovered to be in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with the vitriolic water. The body was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. It was remembered by some of the aged people that the accident by which this body had no doubt been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place above fifty years before. Among the crowd which was attracted by the discovery, was a decrepit old woman, supported on crutches, who, when she beheld the corpse, recognized it to be that of a young man, to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century before. She threw herself on the lifeless but yet familiar form of the object of her early affections, which now had the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with tears, and fainted with joy. The spectators were deeply affected with the scene: and the singular contrast afforded by that couple may be more easily conceived than described—the one buried fifty years before, but still retaining the appearance of youth, while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervour of youthful love.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FARM. The great "Defender of the Constitution," it is well known, prides himself as much upon his skill and reputation as a Farmer, as he does upon all the fame which he has acquired as a Lawyer, Statesman or Diplomatist. Every body has heard of his great Farm, of one thousand acres or more, at Marshfield; so they have of his old homestead at Franklin. Both are among the very best in New England. But it is of neither of these Farms we now speak. About half way from Meredith Bridge to Meredith Village, on the old stage road, near what is called the "Parade," Mr. Webster has another Farm, which is undoubtedly to him "an older," if not "a better," possession, than either of the others. And there is a story about it, too, which is worth repeating. Some thirty-five or forty years ago, when Mr. W. was a younger man than he is now, and a practising attorney in Portsmouth, he held an execution against an individual on the "Parade," in satisfaction of which a "nice little place"—"five acres, *more or less*"—as it was represented,—was set off to him. Sometime after, while journeying with his family in the interior, Mr. Webster concluded to ride up and see his "nice little place," with the tenant who occupied it. Climbing over the long hills, which intervene between the "Bridge" and the "Parade," he at length reached it, when he found—a log hut with about half an acre of the veriest trash in the shape of rocks and bushes to be seen any where in the Granite State! This was the extent of his "nice little place"—very nice, undoubtedly, to hold the world together, but of no conceivable utility for any other purpose. With alighting from his carriage, the "Lord of the Manor" called the old lady, whom he found in possession as a tenant, to the door, and after sundry queries as to whether she paid her rent regularly, and if not, whether she should not be turned off the place, &c., and the old dame protesting that she was poor and unable to pay—that she had heard the owner was "a very clever soul," and didn't believe he would be so cruel as to turn her out of house and home, &c. &c., Daniel pulled a sum of money from his pocket, and assuring his tenant that he knew the owner very well, told her to occupy the premises as long as she could afford to for the money he gave her, and be sure and take good care of them!

Whether Mr. W. has ever visited his "nice little place" since, we know not; but it still remains in possession, and is known in the region around about as "*Daniel Webster's Farm.*" [Dover (N. H.) Enq.

THE COPPER REGION.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Express, writing under date of June 11, from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, says:

"Mr. Knapp of the Vulcan Mining company, has lately made some very singular discoveries here in working one of the veins which he lately found. He worked into an old cave which had been excavated centuries ago. This led them to look for other works of the same sort, and they have found a number of sinks in the earth which they have traced a long distance. By digging into those sinks they find them to have been made by the hand of man. It appears that the ancient miners went on a different principle from what they do at the present time. The greatest depth yet found in these holes is thirty feet—after getting down a certain depth they drifted along the vein making an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to a level by the accumulation of soil, and we find trees of the largest growth standing in this gutter; and also find that trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and decayed many years since. In the same places there are now standing trees of over three hundred years' growth. Last week they dug down into a new place, and about twelve feet below the surface found a mass of copper that will weigh from eight to ten tons. This mass was buried in ashes, and it appears they could not handle it, and had no means of cutting it, and probably built a fire to melt or separate the rock from it, which might be done by heating, and then dashing on cold water. This piece of copper is as pure and clean as a new cent, the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein which pitches considerably; this enabled them to raise it as far as the hole came up with a slant. At the bottom of the slant they found skids of black oak, from eight to twelve inches in diameter—these sticks were charred through, as if burnt; they found large wooden wedges in the same situation. In this shaft they found a miner's gad—a smal lchisel made of copper. I do not know whether these copper tools are tempered or not, but their make displays good workmanship. They have taken out more than a ton of coble-stones, which have been used as mallets. These stones were nearly round, with a score cut around the centre, and look as if this score was cut for the purpose of putting a withe round for a handle. The Chippewa Indians all say that this work was never done by Indians. This discovery will lead to a new method of finding veins in this country, and may be of great benefit to some. I suppose they will keep finding new wonders for some time yet, as it is but a short time since they first found the old mine. There is copper here in abundance, and I think people will begin to dig it in a few years. Mr. Knapp has found considerable silver during the past winter.

These are very singular discoveries. Every year contributes evidence to the interesting fact, that a race of people once existed on this continent, far in advance of the aborigines who occupied it at the period of its discovery in 1492, and its exploration since by the whites.

ORIGINAL TEA STORE.

The China Tea Company,

NO. 198 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

HAVE now been established six years; they deal only in Tea and Coffee, keep every variety of Black and Green Tea imported into this country, and deal for cash only.

The success which has attended their efforts during this time, is without a parallel. They now offer for the inspection of Dealers one of the largest and most varied stocks in the country, at their principal Warehouse, 198 WASHINGTON STREET, and solicit country traders before purchasing their supplies, to call at this

GREAT TEA WAREHOUSE,

Whilst at the same time, to accommodate families and Hotel keepers, they offer *FIVE POUND LOTS*, as follows:

5	pounds	Ningyong Oolong, an extra black Tea, for $1 50.
5	"	strong Young Hyson, 2 00
5	"	Young Hyson, delicious flavor, 2 25
5	"	super. Old Hyson, 3 50
5	"	Souchong, (sold elsewhere 50 cts. per lb.) 1 25
10	"	good ground Coffee, 1 00

An experienced and native China-man superintends the tea department. Money can be sent by mail, by friends coming to the city, or by Express men, and the package will be sent by return. No travelling agent is employed by the Company. Strangers visiting the city are invited to call.

Agents are appointed in every town, upon application, post-paid, to the proprietors, to whom is given

THE GREATEST ADVANTAGE IN PRICE, AND EVERY SECURITY AS TO QUALITY.

In consequence of the great reduction in the price o Teas and Coffees, we are enabled to give

EXTRA QUALITIES

for the old prices; and it is acknowledged by many persons that they cannot get so good tea of any kind,

PAY WHAT PRICE THEY MAY,

as the Young Hyson, at 50 cents, and the Ningyong Oolong, at 40 cents, which are sold at

198 WASHINGTON STREET,

BY THE PROPRIETORS,

my20 (novrose6m) REDDING & CO.

MOREY'S

COLD SALT WATER BATHS,

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

WESTERN AVENUE, (MILL DAM,) NEXT TO THE TOLL HOUSE.

THIS celebrated Establishment having undergon thorough repairs, is opened for the season. T *Cold Shower* and *Swimming BATH*, has been remove some two or three hundered feet further into deeper wa ter, which at all times is pure and abundant. Th Ladies' Baths' are entirely removed from those of th Gentlemen, and are provided with Female Attendant

Invalids and *Children* will receive particular atten tion.

TERMS.—SEASON TICKETS.—4 00, or 12 Ticke for $1, single ones, 10 cents each.

Swimming taught by a competent professor.

Additional rooms have been added, with Fleetin Shower Baths, put up in the most approved style. Al so, new Dressing Rooms, which will at all times b found perfectly dry and convenient.

The proprietor would call attention to the fact, th though his establishment has been very much improve the prices have been somewhat reduced.

The Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston are respectfull invited to call.

Open from sunrise to 10 o'clock, P. M.

july8 tf TRUMAN MOREY.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The Fall Term of the Subscriber's School for young Ladies will commence in convenient and pleasant rooms, at the WARREN STREET CHAPEL, on Monday, September 11th.

The usual branches of a liberal English Education are taught, viz: Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Geogra phy, History, Natural Philosophy, Moral and Intellec tual Philosophy, Natural Theology, Botany, Chemistry Arithmetic, Algebra; Geometry, Book-keeping, etc.

Instruction is also given in the French, Italian, and Latin Languages; and in drawing and Needle-work.

The School is furnished with a superior Philosophical Apparatus, and a large and excellent Library. The number of pupils is limited; particular attention can therefore be bestowed upon each individual. Mr. H. L. PEIRCE, Teacher of Drawing; Miss MATILDA GODDARD, Teacher of Needle-work.

aug12 19t WILLIAM P. JARVIS.

A SPLENDID GIFT BOOK.

THE WOMEN OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Edited by Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Superbly bound, and illustrated with 12 beautiful engravings.—Hazlitt's Miscellaneous Writings, in 5 vols. Mrs. Somerville's Physical Biography, 1 vol. Buds and Blossoms—a Book for the Young. My Little Geography, by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. Life Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats. Just received by

CROSBY & NICHOLS,

sept16 1i2os 111 Washington st.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHURCH CHOIRS.

THE CHOIR CHORUS BOOK, a collection of choruses from the works of the most distinguished composers. Compiled, adapted to English words and arranged with *particular reference to their practice* and for the use of *Musical Societies* by A. N. JOHNSON, author of "Instructions in Thorough Bass" "The Musical Class Book," Editor of the "Boston Musical Gazette," Organist at Park Street Church, &c., &c.

The merits of this work, will be highly appreciated by members and especially by leaders of choirs, who have felt the difficulty of sustaining the interest and attendance upon their meetings for practice, and who properly estimate the effect in the improvement of the taste and the power of execution, which the study and practice of these compositions produce. In the large and varied collection which this book contains, 5 of the Choruses are by Handel, 13 by Haydn, 17 by Mozart, 6 by Mendelssohn and the remainder by Cherubini, Neukomm, Zingaselli, Romberg, Webbe, Naumann, Spohr, King, Stymann, &c.

Although this work contains more vocal music than the most expensive Chorus Books which have been published in this country, it will be sold at a price less than that of common Church Music Books.

Just published, by *Wilkins, Carter & Co.*, No. 16 Water street, Boston, and for sale by booksellers and music dealers generally. tf june24

BOOKS published by S. G. SIMPKINS, 124 Washington street:

Selections from the Writings of Fenelon, with a Memoir of his Life, by Mrs Follen, 5th edition.
The Savior's Life, written for children.
Illustrated Natural History.
Alice Bradford, or Experimental Religion.
Follen's German Reader.
Follen's German Grammar.
Folsom's Livy

POETRY FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. Selected by the author of Theory of Teaching, &c. 2d edition.

This collection we regard as well adapted for use in schools. * * * While this collection has many pieces which must delight persons of any age, it has some for the youngest readers, and is as well adapted to the family circle as to the school. It gives to children all they could cull from many volumes, and if interwoven with their earliest recollections, will be remembered with delight in future years. [Portsmouth Journal.

Such a collection cannot fail to be acceptable to instructors, as a treasury of pieces suitable to be committed to memory by the young, and to all lovers of good poetry, be they young or old. [Boston Daily Advertiser. tf may13

Grandin & Dudley,

SURGEON DENTISTS,

No. 238 WASHINGTON STREET

Corner of Central Court,

BOSTON.

dec4 1yos

NEW HYMN BOOK.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS;

FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

FIFTEENTH EDITION.

THE Subscribers would ask the particular attention of Clergymen, and of Churches and Societies generally, to this new and highly approved Collection of Hymns for Public Worship, prepared expressly to meet the wants of the societies of our denomination. The compilers have endeavored to prepare a more lyrical collection than most of those now in use, better adapted for singing, and containing a greater variety of metres. They have sought to make the book what the present state of our churches and societies demands, and have consulted, for that purpose, not only different clergymen, but leaders of choirs, and many other persons of taste and judgment.

Although this book has been published but four years, it is now used in *forty* of our Societies, and this fact is considered sufficient to show the estimation in which it is held, and the manner in which it has stood the test of comparison with other Collections.

The following are some of the peculiar merits of the Christian Hymns:—the number of hymns is very large; the variety of subjects and metres is very great; the hymns are better adapted for singing; the plan of arrangment is improved; and the price is very low.

*** For a list of places where this book is in use, see cover of the Christian Examiner.

☞ Copies furnished for examination.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers,

july29 1isostl 111 Washington st, Boston.

DR. CORBETT'S

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

SYRUP OF SARSAPARILLA.

THE Formula of this invalumble Preparation has been freely placed before the most distinguished Physicians and Chemists in this Country. And their testimonials are *unqualified* as to its highly efficacious and alterative qualities. In *Scrofulus* Affections, Diseases of the Blood, *Virulent* Erysipelas, *Cutaneous* Eruptions, Diseases of the Stomach and Liver, all Biliary derangement, Dyspepsia, &c., &c., they pronounce it "unequalled to *any yet known*." The Proprietors place it with all confidence before the Public. Asking them only to

READ THE FOLLOWING.

[From E. R. Peaslee, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, Dartmouth College, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Medical School, Brunswick, Me.]

HANOVER, N. H., Dec. 23, 1847.

I first became acquainted with the Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. Corbett, of the Shakers' Society, somewhat more than four years ago, at the time he made its precise composition public to the members of the New Hampshire Medical Society. It was at once believed that the formula then published by Dr. Corbett could not fail to prove a most valuable remedy in all cases in which the peculiar effects of Sarsaparilla are required. This expectation has, on trial, been fully realized. It has peculiar efficacy in certain diseases of the skin and of the digestive apparatus, and its scrofulous conditions generally. The ingredients added to the Sarsaparilla itself, of which it contains more than the other preparations I have used, increased its alterative effects, and render it diuretic, and, in most cases, slightly laxative also. I recommend it to *practitioners of medicine* as superior to any Syrup of Sarsaparilla I have yet tried, in cases requiring the administration of this remedy; none but physicians being, in my opinion, competent to distinguish the precise conditions in which it is really indicated.

E. R. PEASLEE, M. D.

[From Parker Cleveland, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry, Materia Medica, Mineralogy, Geology, and Natural Philosophy, Brunswick College, Maine.]

BRUNSWICK, ME., April 8, 1848.

Messrs. E. Brinley & Co:—Gentlemen,—I have examined your Formula for the preparation of "Corbett's Compound Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla."—From my knowledge of the properties of its ingredients, and from the well known beneficial effects which it has produced, as certified by the most distinguished Physicians and Chemists in the country, and most satisfactorily ascertained by myself, I am fully convinced it is a medicine possessing great efficacy in the cure of many diseases, especially those it particularly purports to.—In addition to the Sarsaparilla, it contains other ingredients of *great value*.

Very Respectfully,

P. CLEAVELAND, M. D.

LONDON, Jan. 22, 1847.

The Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla has been prepared by the United Society at Canterbury, N. H., for several years, under the superintendence of Dr. Corbett. A knowledge of the Formula, an acquaintance with the mode of preparation, opportunities for comparing it with other preparations of Sarsaparilla, and an extensive experience in the use of it, convinces me that it is far superior to the many compounds that are put up for extracts and syrups of Sarsaparilla, and sold as the "only genuine."

The Shaker Syrup is a valuable medicine in the treatment of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, *irrulent Erysipelas* and Chronic Affections of the liver; and I confidently recommend it to the Profession as an article worthy of attention.

RICHARD P. J. TENNEY, M. D.

We cordially concur in the above.

John S. Eliot, M. D. Manchester, N., H., Jan. 22, 1847.
David Flanders, M. D., Londonderry, N. H., June 1, 1847.
John Clough, M. D., Gilford Lake Vill., N. H., March 12, 1847.
C. C. Tibbetts, M. D., Sanbornton Bridge, N. H. March 20, 1847.
S. M. Emery, M. D., Boscawen, N. H., Jan. 22, 1847.
R. Fellows, M. D., Loudon, N. H., Jan. 22, 1847.

CONCORD, Nov. 3, 1846.

Having been acquainted with the virtues and alterative effects of the Compound Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla, prepared